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The East While You Wait

MY TRAVELS AND TROUBLES IN THE ORIENT

By ROBERT BARR

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Paper Number One

ONCE when I was employing my spare time editing a magazine, I induced various celebrated "literary gents" to contribute to its pages a series of stories under the general heading Tales of Our Coast, which collection afterward made a book that was published on each side of the Atlantic with success. If a man who could write would journey along the margin of the Syrian sea-line, he might lay in materials for tales of the coast which would be interesting, but which doubtless would not be believed.

One cannot fail to notice the helplessness of the ordinary inhabitant when confronted with the official Turk. Even the most prosperous merchant goes in abject fear of the officer, and would no more think of questioning his acts or interfering with them than he would attempt to direct the course of a stroke of lightning or manage one of the numerous earthquakes that terrorize the district.

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When the native is arrested he simply grovels at the feet of the Kaimakam, weeps and rubs his brow against the dirt, and buys himself off as cheaply as he can. He knows that the question of his guilt or innocence will cut no figure whatever in the proceedings which follow, and he is equally well aware that when judgment is pronounced upon him no appeal to a superior authority will be of the slightest avail. He does not expect any friend to intervene on his behalf, as such intervention would do no good and would merely transfer the resentment upon the interloper who was meddling in matters that did not concern him; besides, he knows that he himself would not interfere even if his dearest friend had become involved in the official toils. The native therefore cannot understand a prisoner acting as if his soul were his own, and refusing to prostrate himself before the Kaimakam.

This story was told to me as having occurred, and it is a beautiful instance of the biter being bit.

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A native had made a profitable deal in goats, which had been taken by him to Jaffa and sold there to be sent up to Jerusalem at the time of a Russian pilgrimage, goat flesh being the chief food of the pilgrims during the time they remained in the vicinity of the Holy City. The man had made something like two thousand medjidies, and one of his neighbors saw this money paid over to him in Jaffa. When they both returned the neighbor went to the Kaimakam and said he had seen one thousand medjidies paid to the goat-keeper, and suggested that if some charge were trumped up against the man the informing neighbor would visit him in prison and get him to disgorge the coin, trusting to the generosity of the Kaimakam touching the reward for his vigilance.

The goat-keeper was immediately thrown into prison on the charge of having committed a murder in the mountains some time before. He was naturally panic-stricken, and after remaining a week in jail the neighbor was allowed to visit him and tender him advice. The neighbor said that the Kaimakam had complete proof regarding the murder, but he himself had learned that if two thousand medjidies were paid to the Kaimakam the prisoner would be released. The accused swore he had no such sum at his disposal, and his neighbor with a sigh recommended him in that case to commend his soul to Allah, for his execution would be only a matter of days.

The doomed man then urged his supposed friend to remain with him, and finally told him where the two thousand medjidies were concealed. The traitor took the money, kept half of it himself, and gave the other half to the Kaimakam, who returned to the informant fifty medjidies. The ruined man was then released, and he went to the Kaimakam hoping thereby to get back a portion of the money. He being a liar also, as they all are, swore that he had given the neighbor three thousand medjidies.

The Kaimakam was naturally indignant, seeing that he had received but a third of the supposed haul, and so promptly put the conspirator into prison under the same charge of which the first man had formerly been accused. Before the informant got out of jail he had to return the thousand medjidies he had stolen from the goat-keeper, and had as well to collect another thousand medjidies of his own to bestow upon the Kaimakam. So he was one thousand medjidies worse off than before he meditated his traitorous design.

The ignorance of the ordinary subject of Turkey regarding geography or international affairs is not to be wondered at when it is remembered that the Koran is practically the only text-book in the schools. However valuable it may be as a volume of precepts and religious sayings, it can hardly be expected to take the place of maps on the wall or historical books in the hands of the children; but it is amazing that men of common sense, as the majority of the natives undoubtedly are, cannot recognize an asburdity when they see it.

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They believe that the Sultan rules the whole earth, and that merely out of his good nature he allows the Queen of England and the President of the United States to carry on their small affairs. While the Turkish official understands the meaning of big great war vessels which patrol this coast, belonging to the various nations of the earth, the ordinary inhabitant has no notion of their significance.

The Turkish Government has a little rat of a boat which, in fair weather, may worry its way from port to port along the Syrian coast, but which dare not venture out in a storm. As a general rule, it does not indulge in protracted voyages, because it is usually short of coal, some official having stolen the money which should go toward its equipment with this useful mineral.

A short time before we visited Syria a British war vessel came into the Bay of Antioch and cast anchor for the day. It was one of those huge marine monsters of the most modern type, able single-handed, with a fraction of its tremendous armament, to blow off the surface of the water every boat Turkey has ever possessed. It was followed into the Bay of Antioch by this little runt of a Turkish steamer, the officers of which knew, of course, that the huge British ironclad was going to stay but a few hours in the bay and then proceed to Beyrout. The Turkish Captain came ashore at Suadiyeh and told the principal personages there that he had given the British Captain commands to weigh anchor and get out of the Bay of Antioch before six o'clock that evening.

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Sure enough, at five o'clock the war-ship hauled up her anchor and steamed majestically out of the bay, followed at a respectful distance by the little Turkish steam barge. The inhabitants of the port watched the disappearing ship, and then saw their own turn around and return. It seems incredible that these people should actually believe that the

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ironclad was driven out by their little craft, which would have sunk if she had even fired one of her own worthless guns. They had collected along the shore to witness the annihilation of the big vessel should she prove so daring as to remain in the bay after six o'clock. I said to an intelligent man and a most successful merchant: "What would have happened if the British vessel had remained in the bay until after six o'clock?"

"Oh," he replied with the earnestness of conviction, "the British ship did well to leave, for the Sultan had ordered her utter destruction if she did not obey his commands. Praise be to Allah, the Captain was wise and left a full hour before the time he was ordered away, and we were all glad of that, for we wish no harm to the British."

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I was anxious to learn if my intelligent friend, the quarantine officer, believed this yarn, so I asked him if it were true that a Turkish war vessel had actually driven a British ironclad out of the Bay of Antioch. He did not reply, but he smiled sweetly and offered me a cigarette, although the twinkle in his eye said as plainly as words:

"What do *you* think?"

This same precious little Turkish gunboat was coming from Cyprus to Alexandretta when the coal gave out. The Captain and one of the officers got into a small boat and came to Alexandretta for a barge of coal. The Turkish Government's credit does not seem to be extra good, even in its own dominions. The man who had the coal refused to part with it unless on a cash basis. The Captain stormed and threatened vengeance from Stamboul, but the coal-owner was a citizen of a foreign Power and proved immovable, and was not to be terrorized by Stamboul.

"No cash, no coal," was his ultimatum. The Captain finding him obdurate, took up a collection among his officers and offered the money to the coal merchant, saying he would pay the rest on a certain date. But coal is valuable on the Syrian coast, and the coal merchant wouldn't trust the Government for one piastre, whereupon the Captain got a big whip, went among the inhabitants of Alexandretta with it, and by persuasion by the lash collected enough funds to get his steamer into the port. And this is the boat that terrorizes all the navies of the world along the coast of Asia Minor.

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Life would not be so very well worth living along these shores were it not for the American cruisers. The official Turk has a dread of these snow-white steamers which is most salutary. It is well that this is so, for in quite recent times the American Consuls and Vice-Consuls have had a hard time of it.

When the Minister of any country is a close personal friend of the Sultan the other citizens of that country in the outlying districts had better take to the woods. The idea seems to have got abroad among the Kaimakams and other officials that, while it was dangerous to meddle with an Englishman, one could do pretty much what one liked with an American. The cruisers, however, mitigated this belief, and also did things which failed to appear in the official dispatches to the Government at Washington. I don't know in what form the Captain of a cruiser sends in his report, but perhaps it might take some such shape as this in reporting an incident that actually occurred:

"The Kaimakam of the port of Nix having thrown some obstacles in the way of the Rev. Mr. Blank, an American citizen, in relation to the school established at this place, the Rev. Mr. Blank made complaint to me through his Vice-Consul, I happening to be in the port for a few hours. When the Kaimakam visited me I expostulated with him, and explained to him the right of domicile under which the Rev. Mr. Blank is allowed to prosecute his duties in this place. The Kaimakam admitted that he had acted without knowledge of the law, and gave me his assurance that the rights of the Rev. Mr. Blank would not be again infringed."

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That sort of thing would read very nicely in Washington, and could be filed away without doing anybody any harm. A little error had been committed by a Turkish official; his attention had been called to it, and he expressed his regret, making instant amends. Now, what really happened was this: The Kaimakam had made up his mind that the Rev. Mr. Blank was to be driven out of the port of Nix by fair means or foul, and so his life was made a round of torment. He complained to the Vice-Consul, who reported the matter to his Minister at Constantinople, who returned a soothing answer, saying that perhaps the Rev. Mr. Blank had not been as tactful toward the officials as he should have been, and asking the Vice-Consul to smooth the matter out and not make a fuss.

The wink was tipped to the Captain of a cruiser, whose name I omit, and that cruiser promptly dropped around to the port of Nix. The longboat was lowered almost before the cruiser had stopped, a young naval officer decked out in full uniform landed with a formidable array of stalwart sailors to row his boat, and commanded the Kaimakam, with his chief underlings, to come aboard within the hour and have a little talk with the Captain.

As the cruiser was cleared for action, and as force is the only thing a Kaimakam understands, he came obsequiously

He being a liar also, as they all are, swore that he had given the neighbor three thousand medjidies

white boards of the cruiser's deck, beat his forehead against them, and swore by Allah and the Prophet that he would hereafter be the best friend the Rev. Mr. Blank ever had. And it is a fact that the Rev. Mr. Blank has been unmolested ever since, while it is another fact that the Captain of that cruiser greatly distinguished himself in the recent Spanish-American war, as, indeed, a man who could talk like that would be very apt to do.

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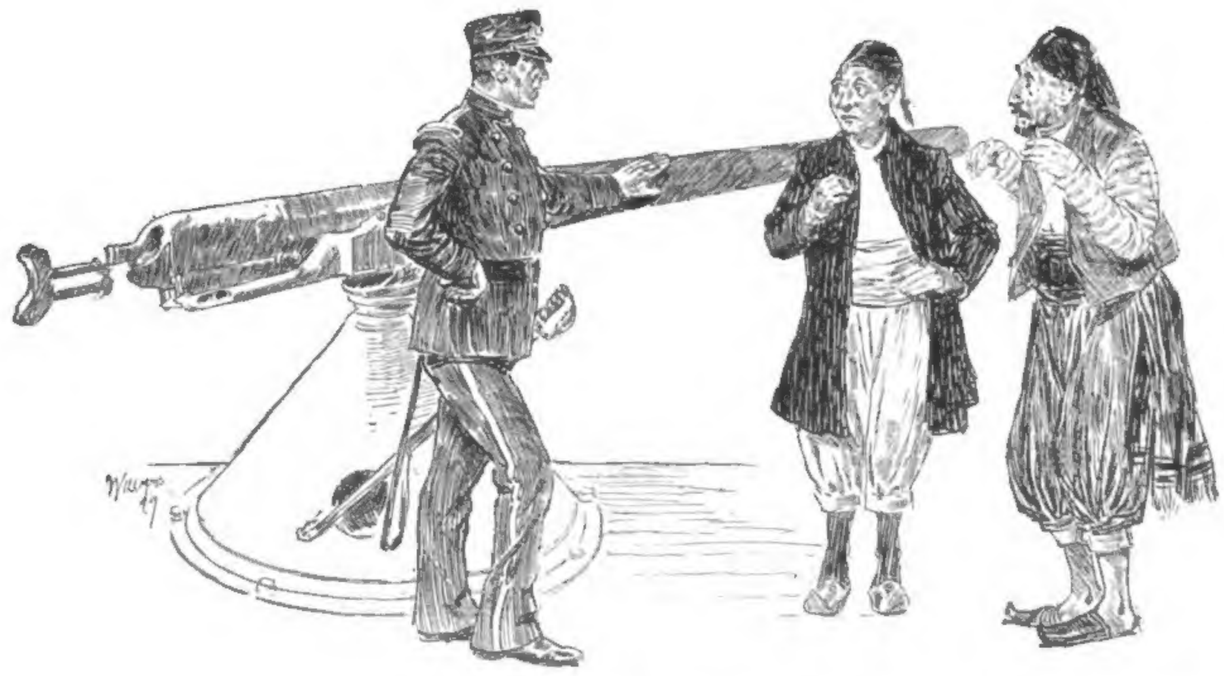
Another American cruiser nipped in the bud a massacre which would doubtless have taken place had slow diplomatic methods been resorted to. There is an American who lives on the coast and is in a somewhat large way of business. He and another are the only white men in the town. Their two families are the only English-speaking people for miles around. One day there came wailing down the mountain road to the coast a terrified collection of children, some of them cut and bleeding. A massacre had taken place up in the mountains and this was the remnant of it.

The American took these children into his compound, and attended to the wounded as well as he could, assisted by his family. The officials made a demand for the children; they would take care of them, they said, which was doubtless an accurate statement. The American refused to give them up, and the Kaimakam appealed by telegraph to Stamboul. One or two of the children died that night. Next morning, luckily, an English steamer came along, and the Captain, on hearing how things stood, came ashore himself with a body of his sailors and took the children on board.



"Look here," said the Captain to the interpreter, "tell this man that I don't talk Turkish worth a hang, but this thing does"

The unfortunate waifs were placed in charge of an English charitable society at Beyrout, by which they are probably taken care of to-day, their parents all being dead. The authorities of the place bitterly resented this rescue, and doubtless Constantinople was not too well pleased, for if massacres are to be accomplished they should be done cleanly, because allowing fragments to escape in this way leads to these matters getting into the European papers and making trouble.

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The American received an official censure for his conduct, and was told not to meddle with internal politics, which was exceeding good advice. Two days later one of his most trusted employees entered his office and said with tears and trembling that the mountaineers who had committed the outrage were assembled, all fully armed, in the mosques, led by the authorities, and that after three days they were to be turned loose in this town, when there would be no more interference with local politics.

The American knew that there was no use in telegraphing. The Turkish authorities would make ample apologies to the American Government, and doubtless pay compensation, but that would be of small advantage to a man who, with his family, had been wiped out. He knew that an American cruiser was lying in a bay some miles away, and the question was, how to get to her. The coast was guarded so closely that not even a small boat could get out. The American had a boat of his own, but every time he put out into the waters of the Mediterranean he had to get permission from the Turkish authorities.

Luckily the nights were very dark, and as his compound reached down to the water's edge, his eldest son agreed to make an attempt to communicate with the American cruiser. It happened to be a calm, still night, with a light breeze blowing off shore. Father and son, under cover of the darkness, shoved the boat into the water with as little noise as possible, and the young man crawled into it, not daring to hoist sail or move an oar, forced to content himself with lying still in the bottom of the boat until she drifted leisurely far out into the sea.

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Once out of the influence of the mountain range the western breeze became stronger, and the young man cautiously raised his lateen sail. After that everything was straight going until, shortly after midnight, he saw dimly ahead of him the great white bulk of the American cruiser, and a moment later was challenged by the watch on deck. "I am So-and-So," he shouted up from his little shell upon the face of the dark waters. "The Captain knows my father. I must speak to the Captain at once."

A few moments later the Captain was leaning over the bulwarks.

"What's the trouble, my boy?" he asked.

"There's going to be a massacre," answered the boy, "and father thinks it is directed against us. The mosques are full of armed savages from the mountains, ready to be let loose on the town. Father knew there was no use of telegraphing, so I managed to slip away when darkness set in, and here I am. Can you come around with the cruiser?"

"You bet!" cried the Captain emphatically. "That's what we are here for. Get your boat alongside and we'll hoist it on board."

In an incredibly short time the banked fires were raked down and all aglow, and the cruiser, with all lights masked, steamed swiftly and silently across the section of the Mediterranean that was before her.

The boy told me, with tears in his eyes, how his heart leaped when, from the prow of the cruiser, he saw two lights burning side by side in an upper window of his father's house, for this had been the prearranged signal. If everything was all right two lights were to be burned; if the compound was attacked, one light only, and speed was necessary; if the house were in darkness, then they had been vanquished, and the cruiser had arrived too late.

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"Now, my boy," said the Captain, as the cruiser, with engines stopped, moved with lessening speed into the bay, "I'll blind the eyes of our friends the Turks with my searchlight, while you steal up to the foot of your father's garden in your boat, and then the authorities will think we have just happened around here."

The first intimation the American family had of the arrival of the cruiser was the sudden dazzling white blaze of the searchlight enveloping their house; then it ranged the town from end to end and illuminated the high mountains beyond.

"It was like the finger of God on the hills," said the boy's mother to me. While the boy slipped ashore in the darkness the searchlight lit up the town, flashing here and there like a streaming banner of glory, bringing out the houses, the towers and minarets into relief as if it were a gigantic stereopticon. Finally it rested fair on the mosque, and remained stationary there, as a gentle hint to the occupants that the Captain knew precisely where the storm centre was. The Kaimakam and his subordinates shrugged their shoulders and knew that once more Fate had interfered.

"The gods of the Christians have come," he said resignedly

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In the gray morning the mountaineers, in groups or singly, wended their way home. The "gods of the Christians" had come, and it was no use struggling against Kismet.

Along that terrible coast the English-speaking race stand shoulder to shoulder together, in spite of any differences their respective countries may be having. An Englishman in trouble and out of the range of his own Consular service never thinks of appealing to a Russian, French or German Consul or Captain, but always to an American official, if he is within the radius of communication. In like manner the American makes complaint to the English official.

Since the Greco-Turkish war English prestige has undoubtedly fallen tremendously all over Turkey. The officials themselves are beginning to believe that if they tackled the old lion of the West they would have enough of help from other European nations to secure victory for the Crescent. This belief, culminating in the massacre of British soldiers in Crete, has doubtless had a set-back since the slaughter of the Moslems implicated. Nevertheless, even in the worst times for British prestige a Turkish official thinks twice before interfering with a British Vice-Consul,

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not to mention the higher diplomatic officers who represent the little island.

In one particular spot the Kaimakam had been exceedingly insulting to the American Vice-Consul, and the unfortunate man had no redress. The wily Kaimakam knew better than to interfere with the British Vice-Consul, but nevertheless there were some questions outstanding between them, and there was one thing the Kaimakam had not counted upon, which was the esteem and friendship which the British Vice-Consul had for his American confrère.

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Suddenly the British Vice-Consul brought up one of those outstanding, unsettled questions, received the usual evasive reply from the Kaimakam, telegraphed through the proper channels to England, saying there was no doing anything with this Kaimakam. Whereupon England at once communicated with Constantinople, and the Kaimakam's official head came off before that astonished individual realized what had struck him. However, Constantinople made no secret of the fact that his degradation was due to the British Vice-Consul. All this surprised the Kaimakam, because the question on which he fell was of no particular importance. It had been amicably discussed in the usual languid Oriental way often and often without showing any signs of becoming acute.

The Kaimakam forthwith went to the British Consul, abased himself on the floor at his feet, and, asking what his servant had done to bring resentment upon him, offered to settle anything in any way that would be pleasing to the Consul if that official would but take angered England off his back. The British official said he would do his best, but mentioned incidentally that the American Vice-Consul was a great friend of his, who had had a bad time all on account of this same Kaimakam.

The Turk was quick to see how the land lay, and at once promised that he would make the place a Heaven on earth for the American Consul did reinstatement ensue, whereupon the British Vice-Consul set the wires in motion again, said that the Kaimakam had made ample amends, and that probably there would be less trouble with him in future than with a stranger. So the Kaimakam got back his place of honor and profit, and the American Consul has had nothing to complain of since.

This is another of the incidents which do not appear in the archives of either country exactly as it took place, but nevertheless the action tended toward peace and quietness and good will in this remote section of the Turkish Empire.

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The official Turk naturally dislikes all the numerous schools and school-masters which England and America have imposed upon him in various parts of the land of the Crescent. As a general rule, the local official Turk knows that he may harry missionaries and school-masters as much as he pleases, so long as no diplomatic complaints are made, but he has to walk gingerly, because he is well aware that if a protest is made his official life will be shortened.

Teachers who exile themselves far away from native home and friends in order to instruct the youth of Syria are mostly devout, earnest persons, willing to sacrifice health and strength, and even life itself, if they can ameliorate the hard lot of the poor people among whom they labor.

These teachers are the last persons to make complaint to their Consuls of any personal sufferings they may have to undergo, depending rather on the mercy of Providence than the strength of their country, and it is only when they see brutal fanaticism destroying the result of their work or nullifying their efforts that they reluctantly make an appeal to international law. This is a frame of mind that the official Turk never seems to be able to distinguish from cowardice.

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Very often the teacher or missionary does not complain, but some friend who knows the circumstances says a word in the right quarter, then the Turkish official wishes he had let well alone. The most interesting instance of this kind that came to my knowledge during my sojourn along the coast was the case of a mild little old English lady, who for years has kept a bit of a school on her own account in one of the towns of Syria. She is unconnected with any of the large missions, educational or religious, but keeps on in her own quiet little way, paying all the expenses of so doing, for she is rich and belongs to one of the noted old families in England. The Turks know that she has little communication with any of the English or American colonies. She is as innocent and seems as helpless as one of the doves that flutter about Jerusalem, and naturally the local Jack-in-office sees no reason why he should not harry her.

But whatever her powerful relatives think of her wisdom in immolating herself among the extreme poor of Syria, they do not lose sight of her. She manages a sort of kindergarten for very young children, all of whom are devoted to her, as are their parents, if they but dared to give expression to their feelings. She lives among them, visits the sick, succors the penniless, and has done so for years. The official Turk views all this with suspicious eyes; he knows sedition lurks somewhere in such an objectless life.

He demands bakshish upon occasion, and the celerity with which she uncomplainingly complies confirms his distrust and strengthens his belief that there is some deep design beneath all her conduct. Then, not knowing the fate of his predecessor, for Turkish power from Stamboul strikes like lightning and gives no reason, he suddenly turns the troops on her. They break up the school, and scatter the frightened pupils, and the old woman sits disconsolate among the ruins of her hopes. Her only weapon is prayer; her only trust is in Divine justice, and to that alone she appeals.

She prays that the hearts of the authorities may be softened. She is like a motherly old hen whose chicks have been scattered by the down-swoop of a fierce hawk. But under the sea and over the land there is flying on the wings of electricity a cabalistic word. The little old woman has a relative high in authority in the British Government. A stern dispatch goes to Constantinople demanding reparation and explanation, immediate and complete.

Then from Stamboul—for the Turk knows nothing of the Western appellation, Constantinople—descends the whiplash of official fury across the face of the amazed Kaimakam. When he recovers his scattered senses he goes to the old lady and abases himself, grovels and pleads with her to forgive him. He and his assistants put the schoolroom to rights once more, and gather the children together as if they were the most precious of jewels. Curiously enough, if a Turkish official could by any possibility tell the truth, he might perhaps help himself, but he thinks she knows all about it, and is now convinced that she is even more crafty than he at first suspected; while she, good lady, understands nothing of his official jeopardy, and merely sees in his actions the working of a contrite heart awakened through her prayers to a sense of justice and mercy.

I am pleased to say that for some years now the little old lady has not been molested, and it is supposed that each succeeding official gets the straight tip that this apparently insignificant morsel of humanity is more dangerous than as much dynamite. I saw her moving about unscathed in slums that a brave man would scarcely venture through alone, the blessed light of Christian benevolence toward all mankind beaming from her angelic wrinkled face; but behind her stalked the gigantic figure of John Bull, an expression on his brow that said, "Touch her who dares. She is mine."

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THE VENGEANCE OF PRIOLEAU

Jean Achard's Story ∴ ∴ By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

I, JEAN ACHARD, boatswain in the marine of His Most Christian Majesty, Louis XV, write this to ease my heart —for I can write like a notary. I swore to what I am now telling many times—namely, that the ship which captured the Malicieuse, man-of-war brig, was the Avenger, frigate, of thirty-two guns, and something over two hundred men; and I know it was proved—but too late! too late!

The vengeance of the worst man God ever made, Lieutenant Guillame Prioleau, overtook the best man and best officer that I ever knew, my dear and ever-remembered M. Georges de Chamillart. And ever since then the world appears to me awry. Something terrible is the matter with this France, and though I may not live to see it, there will be an uprising of some sort to avenge the crimes of men like Prioleau—for he is not the only rascal in France, by any means.

At present he is living in great style in Paris, and boasting of being cousin to the King's friend, Madame du Barry—and I am a boatswain in the naval marine at a hundred francs the month. But some day, in the other world, Jean Achard, boatswain, will meet M. Prioleau, ex-lieutenant and would-be gentleman, on a footing of perfect equality—and then, let M. Prioleau look out! M. Georges and I were born the same day, at Chamillart, in Brittany, and my mother was his foster-mother. According to the custom in those days, he was sent to my mother's cottage, and lived there, except for his daily visit to the château, until he was eight years old. We two brats ate and slept and played and fought together, and loved each other dearly. Even after M. Georges went back to the château, and had a solemn-looking young Jesuit priest for a tutor, he was always running away to be with me. I think he was not happy at the château. His parents were both dead then, and his uncle, a cruel, dissipated man, made it disagreeable for him.

The little priest was kind enough. He taught me reading and writing, as well as teaching many other things to M. Georges. But he was meek and mild, and tried to make M. Georges so. However, it was not in M. Georges to be meek and mild, and he shirked the little priest's homilies to listen to my father's account of how he escaped from Portsmouth prison and got across the channel in an open boat with one oar. My father was a fisherman, and some called him a smuggler—but what of that? The taxes are so oppressive that a poor man must do something to live.

I think hearing this story so often put it into M. Georges' head and mine to want to go to sea. We talked it over, and we agreed that on the day we were fourteen years old we would start for Paris to see the King and ask him for a commission for M. Georges and any sort of a berth for me. So on that very day we struck out for Paris, M. Georges in an old laced suit of his father's, and I carrying his portmanteau with his father's fine red cloth cloak in it—both a mile too big, but M. Georges' uncle kept him pretty close for clothes, and money, too. We had scraped up a little, though, and will you believe it, we actually got to Paris without being caught?

We thought we would not go straight to Versailles to see the King, but that it would be better to go to the Minister of Marine first. Thanks to the little priest, we were both good at reading and writing, and we knew a thing or two before we got to Paris.

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So, reaching that wonderful town early on a June morning, M. Georges made his way by asking, and with me trudging behind him, to the Minister's house. I suppose we looked comical enough—M. Georges in his father's quaint clothes, and I in a pea-jacket of my father's, which I thought no harm to take, and toiling under M. Georges' portmanteau.

The Minister was just coming out of his house to take his coach when M. Georges very civilly stopped him and asked him for a midshipman's commission in the Navy, and some kind of a place for "my man Achard." The Minister looked him all over and then burst out laughing As soon as M. Georges told his name the Minister stopped laughing.

He knew all about the Chamillart family, and, as it turned out, was glad enough to get a lad of good family and some fortune in the naval service. He therefore invited M. Georges to become his guest for a few days while he would see what could be done.

M. Georges was going to decline—for we knew in a moment it would only be a polite kind of imprisonment—but I gave him a wink and he accepted. When we had been marched in and introduced to the Minister's wife, and M. Georges had been given a little room high up under the roof, I said to him:

"The old man thinks he can pen us up in this house and keep us out of mischief, but we are two Breton lads—we can get out of any place they put us in."

So, just by way of bravado, we used to give the Minister the slip once in a while during the week we stayed there, getting out through the window and clambering over roofs, until I promise you he was glad to get rid of us.

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At the end of the week the King was pleased to send a commission as midshipman to M. Georges, and in a little while the Minister found him a ship and I was allowed to enlist in the same vessel. She was a handsome black frigate, the Vipère, of fifty guns, and was to cruise in the Ægean Sea, against the pirates of the Greek Isles.

We had a very active cruise, and it made us both truly in love with the naval service. I think no man who sails that blue Ægean Sea can help feeling its beauty, if he has a soul in his body. I felt it the more deeply because M. Georges told me stories of it. I was in his watch, and often, of a night, when no one was looking, we would lean together over the rail, and he would tell me of all the strange things that happened there long ago—for he was naturally a great reader. Some of them I thought were terrible lies—especially those voyages of Ulysses; but when I said flatly I did not believe any landsman ever went cruising around in that way, and that Ulysses was a great liar, M. Georges would laugh and say I had no appreciation of the classics.

All in the ship knew our story, and so it did not surprise any one that M. Georges should talk so much and so kindly to me. Oh, those nights under the starlit skies, with the ship restlessly tugging at her anchors, or rushing to windward with a bone in her mouth, or else softly gliding with the wind and tide over the blue-black sea—it breaks my heart to think of them now!

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We were both in the Vipère three years, and then we came home and M. Georges went to the Tonnerre, ship-of-the-line, in the East India Squadron, and he got me with him. Then the first command he got was a little cutter. You may be sure I was along that time, and on his twenty-fifth birthday (which was mine, too) he received the King's appointment to the smartest little rogue of a man-of-war brig that was ever seen. Her name—the Malicieuse—fitted her exactly, for she was so fast and weatherly, so handy in turning, and as steady as a church in comparison with most of her class.

She carried eighteen guns, mostly twelves, with a long eighteen-pounder on a pivot amidship, and she could worry anything afloat by fighting when she had a show, or by running away when she had no show. And I was made boatswain of the Malicieuse. I had served as boatswain in the little cutter. She carried one lieutenant acting as master, and two midshipmen—and the lieutenant was Guillame Prioleau—evil be to him and all of his!

Perhaps M. Georges was not proud or pleased when he took command of the Malicieuse! Well, you should have seen him capering about in the cabin the first morning I reported to him there. The only thing that bothered him was this miserable Lieutenant Prioleau, who was no seaman, and hardly knew the binnacle from the bumpkin—and he was, moreover, the greatest rascal and coward—but, never mind, that will come in due time. He was of an old family, though very rich, and got his berth in the Navy through being a cousin of Madame du Barry. We [illegible] she heard that he had been sent from ship to ship

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the first in a series of four which Robert Barr has written for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on his travels and troubles in the Orient. The others will follow in early issues.

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by captains who would not have him, and every man who had sent him adrift had been cruelly punished for it by that vindictive woman, Madame du Barry. It may be imagined how welcome he was in the Malicieuse.

We were on scout duty, near the mouth of the Garonne, which was much infested with British cruisers who were after some of our corvettes up the river, and it kept us pretty busy. The first day of our cruise, we being at anchor near the Cordovan lighthouse, we noticed a fine château near the shore of the river. It belonged to M. de Fresne, who had formerly been in the navy. He came off to see M. Georges, and then M. Georges, who had business at the lighthouse, returned with him to get some very good river charts which M. de Fresne had made. And that day M. Georges saw Mademoiselle Léonie de Fresne, and struck his flag to her the minute he saw her.

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Our anchors saw very little of the ground, but when we did drop them it was off the Cordovan lighthouse. And presently it came to be known that M. Prioleau and M. Georges were rivals for the hand of Mademoiselle Léonie, who was an only child and likely to be rich—which accounts for M. Prioleau's part in the affair. However, as soon as M. Georges found this out, he would never let M. Prioleau go ashore unless he were sure Mademoiselle Léonie was away from home, for M. Georges was not the man to give his rival the weather-gage.

At last, one day, when we had run in for wood and water, M. Prioleau dressed himself to go ashore and see Mademoiselle Léonie, when M. Georges coolly informed him he must stay on board and keep ship—M. Georges was going off himself. He went, and when he returned, two hours after, it was as the accepted lover of Mademoiselle Léonie, and so he weathered on M. Prioleau and left him astern. M. Prioleau was wild with rage, the more so as M. Georges laughed at him—but as he was a coward nobody cared.

The first time that M. de Fresne brought his pretty daughter on board to dinner, the men gathered at the rail and gave Mademoiselle Léonie three thundering French huzzas—we knew well enough what was in the wind—and she lowered her black eyes and blushed beautifully, while M. Georges laughed and took off his hat to us.

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He did not have a great deal of time to spend in Mademoiselle Léonie's society, for the British cruisers were very troublesome just then, and we had to be on the watch to give notice if they should attempt to enter the mouth of the river. But I knew Mademoiselle Léonie was a brave lady, and was not one to recall her lover from his duty.

Lieutenant Prioleau became more worthless and more shirking every day, but the hour was at hand in which he was to reveal his true baseness. One dark night, as we were standing on and off the mouth of the river, we saw dimly a large vessel acting very suspiciously. She showed no lights, and, as well as we could see in the darkness, had the appearance of a merchant ship (these large merchant ships sometimes landed goods on the sly, although they had as straight a set of papers as one would wish to see).

We tacked and followed the stranger, and she made no display of force, but seemed anxious to get away from us. Very few ships afloat could get away from the Malicieuse when M. Georges was on the bridge. We had drawn within a couple of pistol shots when the strange vessel, suddenly luffing up, flung open her ports—twelve in broadside—her decks were alive with men, and we found we had caught a Tartar. She gave us a broadside which would have sent us to the bottom of the sea had it struck us full, but by turning quickly it only struck us obliquely. Nevertheless, it did much damage.

She turned out to be the Avenger, frigate, of thirty-two guns—and this will I and every man of the sixty-four who constituted the officers and men of the Malicieuse swear to—except one. That one is Lieutenant Prioleau.

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Now, according to the naval regulations, an eighteen-gun brig is expected to run away from a thirty-two gun frigate as being too heavy for her, but it was not in M. Georges to run away from anything without firing a shot. So, as we had a good working breeze, he took his time about getting out of the way, and manœuvred very handily, getting in several raking shots from our long gun, while the clumsier frigate never fairly raked us at all. The men acted with the greatest coolness and gallantry, all except the villain Prioleau, and what should he do when the frigate opened up on us at close quarters but run about the deck yelling, "We are lost! Quarter! Quarter"—the first and last man I ever heard beg for quarter in the French naval marine.

M. Georges, as brave as a lion, and everywhere at once, yet took time to order M. Prioleau to be tied to the mainmast, which was done with the best will in the world, and in spite of his screams that he would have our lives for it. We had hot work for the next quarter of an hour, and no man was in so great danger as Lieutenant Prioleau. The rest of us could dodge—and we had to withstand a sharp musketry fire as well as a heavy cannonade—but there he was, bound hand and foot, raving and cursing, and did not get a scratch, although better men than he lay in their blood on deck. M. Georges himself was wounded, but he did not leave the deck.

The Malicieuse gave a good account of herself, and in drawing off we had inflicted quite as much damage as we had suffered. But—misfortune of misfortunes—as we were making off, still using our long gun with good effect, the brig took the ground, and the frigate pursuing us, and choosing her own distance, was preparing to blow us out of the water, when M. Georges himself hauled down the flag. The musketry fire was so hot by that time that he ordered every man from the deck, himself only remaining. When the First Lieutenant of the frigate came aboard of us he congratulated M. Georges on the fine conduct of the Malicieuse, and the English sailors cheered him when he was taken aboard the frigate.

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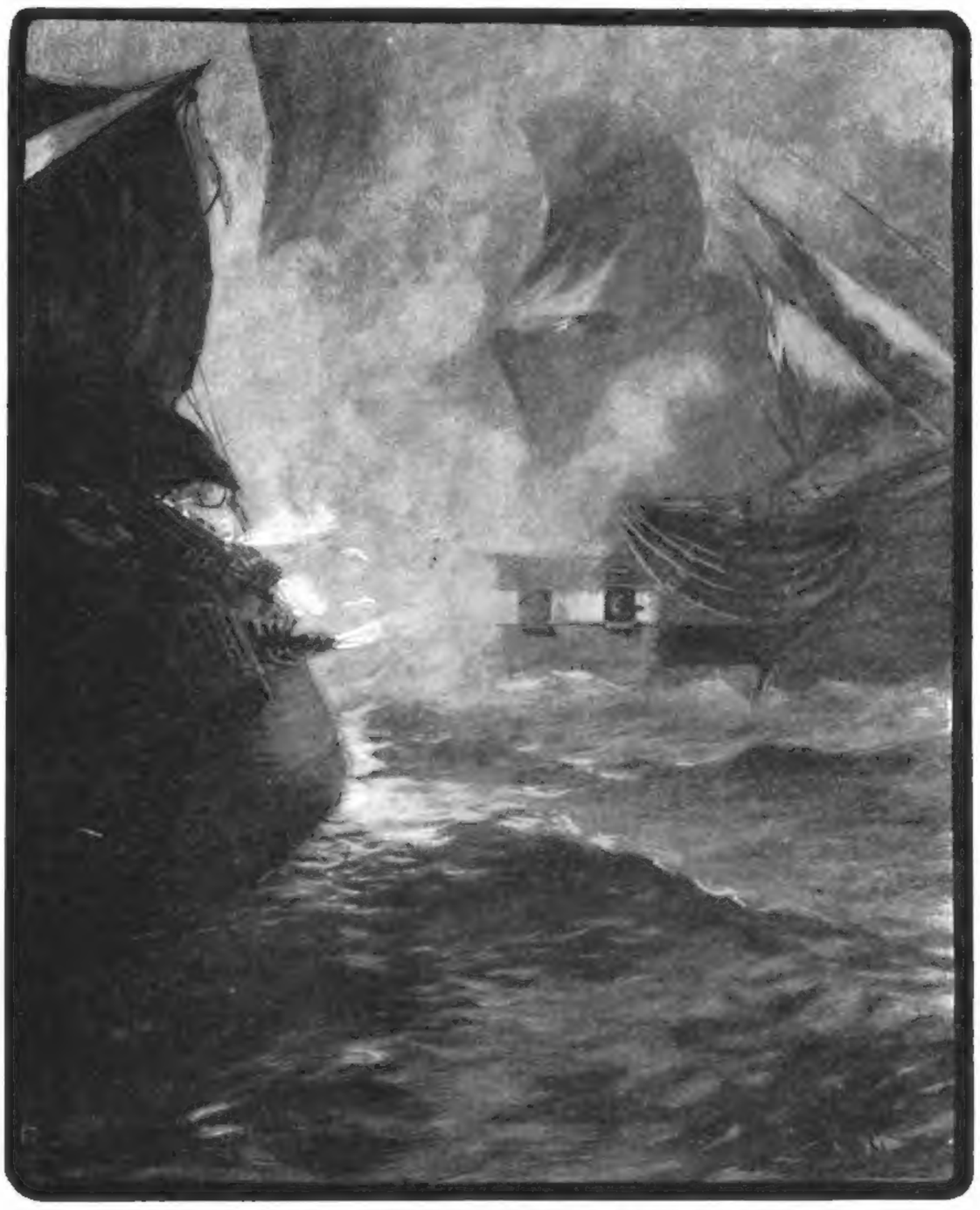
The night increasing in blackness, we stood by until morning. We had fifteen wounded, including M. Georges and both the midshipmen. The Avenger happened to be accidentally without a surgeon, and her Captain determined to send M. Georges, the two midshipmen and the badly wounded among the men ashore, on their parole. The rest of us were taken aboard the frigate, which soon landed us at Portsmouth. As long as we were in the Avenger the English sailors treated us finely, and even in the dreary days aboard the prison ships in Portsmouth Harbor whenever it was known that we were from the Malicieuse, people were civil enough to us. I was two months in prison without hearing a word from M. Georges; but I pleased myself with the notion that as he had been put ashore not far from M. de Fresne's château he was there in comfort, nursed by Mademoiselle Léonie, and when he was well of his wounds he would have the King's favor for behaving with so much gallantry in the face of a superior force.



SHE GAVE US A BROADSIDE WHICH WOULD HAVE SENT US TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA HAD IT STRUCK US FULL

Now, as my father had escaped from an English prison, and had got across the Channel, I thought I could do no less. So one night I dropped over the ship's side into the water and swam ashore, and by means not given to me to say, I got into a small boat, and with a boy for company passed out of Portsmouth Harbor as a fisherman. Two days afterward I made the roads of Groix and went ashore at L'Orient.

There was a great commotion about the dockyard, where I naturally went first.

From the people hurrying about I heard that a court-martial sentence of death had just been pronounced upon an officer for cowardice, and he was then being brought ashore from the Tonnerre, ship-of-the-line—our old ship!—where the court had been sitting.

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I followed the anxious and sympathetic crowd to the water's edge, and there these eyes saw, getting out of the Tonnerre's boat, the prisoner—my dear M. Georges! I was so crazed with grief and excitement that I could scarcely understand what was told me, but I made out after a time that, through the influence of the wretch Prioleau and his infamous cousin, Madame du Barry, M. Georges had been found guilty on his court-martial of having surrendered to an inferior force, and had been sentenced to be shot!

Of the two midshipmen, one had died of his wounds, and the other's testimony was flatly contradicted by Prioleau. The wounded men had been spirited away, and, in short, on the evidence of this scoundrel and coward, the bravest man that ever lived, M. Georges, was condemned to the most disgraceful of all deaths.

The sympathy of the crowd was with him—there was no doubt of that—and when, half-distracted, I followed him to the military prison where he was confined, as soon as the prison people knew who I was they let me follow M. Georges to his cell.

When I got there, Mademoiselle Léonie, her father, a priest and a notary were there before me. Mademoiselle, with her head on M. Georges' shoulder, clung to him. She did not shed a tear—but what anguish was in her pale face! I found out, in some confused way, that they were about to be married. Mademoiselle Léonie had arranged to marry M. Georges as soon as the decision of the court should be known—whatever it might be—and with love and money linked together, M. de Fresne, who loved M. Georges much, had contrived that it should be done at once. And by the same means he had got a delay of five days in the execution of the sentence.

Even in that moment M. Georges recognized me with joy. "My good Jean!" he cried. "How came you here?"

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All I could say was in a thick voice, which I hardly knew was my own:

"M. Georges, the frigate was the Avenger, thirty-two guns—that will I swear to, and so will every man of the Malicieuse that is left at Portsmouth."

"I know it; but Prioleau and Madame du Barry thirst for my blood, and thou——" (he always *tu-et-toied* me)—"would be as little regarded as all the others who testified for me."

Then in a moment or two the marriage ceremonies, both civil and religious, were begun, and as soon as they were completed, Mademoiselle Léonie—or Madame Georges Chamillart, as she was then—kissed M. Georges calmly, and leaving the cell with her father, immediately took post for Paris, to intercede with the King.

Ah! They were evil days for France! Everybody knew that M. Georges was a brave and innocent man, yet no one dared openly take issue against the vile Prioleau. And even the indulgences granted M. Georges—and they were many—were granted secretly. I was suffered to attend him, by putting on the guise of a turnkey, and in that way I spent the five most awful days that living man ever spent. No one could have been calmer than M. Georges—or more hopeless.

"I let Léonie go, poor child," he said, "because it is better for her to be away. All that I dread is the parting interview with her. The rest I can face as becomes a man."

And it was true.

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On the night before the day appointed for the execution the Military Governor called to see him and told him gently that there was no more hope. News had come from Paris that even a reprieve had been refused, and he felt it his duty to inform M. Georges. But the Governor, a merciful man, said that he himself would take the responsibility, although it might cost him his liberty and probably his life, to delay the execution until noon—the time set was ten o'clock—in order that M. Georges might have a last interview with his wife, should she return in time. M. Georges remained thoughtful for some time, and then he said:

"Since you have news, it is better to advance than to delay the hour. All that I have asked to be spared is that last interview with my wife. It is now my earnest request—which you cannot refuse to a man about to die—to make the hour eight instead of ten. It will then all be over before my wife returns."

The Governor, weeping a little, said it should be so.

I pass over that night. I lay within touch of M. Georges all the time. He was up at seven—it was a beautiful bright morning—and dressed and shaved himself, and was ready when the guard came. It was all a dream to me. I saw him taken on board the Tonnerre, and, standing in the very place on the quarter-deck where I had often seen him stand, looking so handsome and so officerlike, they cut his epaulets from his shoulders and broke his sword before his face. He asked to speak, and all he said was this:

"I surrendered the Malicieuse, brig, of eighteen guns, after she was hard aground, to the Avenger, frigate, of thirty-two guns. The facts cannot long remain unknown—and though I shall be gone, my name will be cleared." Then turning to me he said:

"Good-by, good Jean. *Vive le roi!*"

Yes, he was shot. The sun blazed brightly that morning, and the harbor was like a sheet of molten gold, and the old Tonnerre looked like home to me, until I saw and heard—but I cannot write any more concerning that.

They let me take M. Georges' body away with me, and just at nine o'clock, when it was landed, wrapped in his military cloak, a woman came rushing down upon the dock waving a letter in her hand and crying out:

"The King's pardon! The King's letter——"

It was M. Georges' wife—and there before her lay M. Georges—dead. Had he but waited until ten o'clock!

Of course the truth came out within a year—but the villain Prioleau was protected by Madame du Barry.

I am a poor man, so I had to go to sea again, but everywhere I hear M. Georges' voice. I see his bright and dancing eyes—he has not been out of my mind one hour since that September morning. I hear that Prioleau never trusts himself without a bodyguard, fearing some of the Malicieuse men; I can't say what I would have done but for Madame Georges' seeing what was in my mind and commanding me to leave Prioleau's judgment to God. And as I always obeyed my dear M. Georges, I obeyed his wife.

Jean Achard, the boatswain.

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NEW BLOOD IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

First Books That Have Made Their Writers Famous Within the Year

By Benjamin Northrop

THIS is the story of six books of the past twelvemonth, each of which has made a reputation for its author. There are between five and six thousand new books published in the United States every year. Of these less than one thousand are first ventures. Of this latter number, half a dozen works have already achieved notable success.

One of these fortunate authors is a woman, Miss Mary Johnston. The others are men, all but one of whom are living, and from whom more and even better work is expected, as their experiences ripen and their pens acquire a surer stroke. The dead writer is Edward Noyes Westcott, author of David Harum; the others are Finley Peter Dunne, of Mr. Dooley fame; Walter A. Wyckoff, author of The Workers; Winston Churchill, whose Celebrity has brought him renown, and David Gray, who rode cleverly into popularity on his sprightly Gallops.

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Perhaps the most remunerative of these first efforts, from the publishers' point of view, is David Harum. It is understood that ninety thousand copies of the book have been printed, and that, in last March alone, 29,000 copies were sold. Not only is David Harum one of the most successful of initial ventures, but it is one of the best-selling books of the year. Of all the novels of 1898, Mr. Westcott's posthumous work has had the most romantic career.

Mr. Westcott was nearly fifty years of age when he began its composition. He had been stricken with mortal illness which unfitted him for his other work, when he took up literature purely as a diversion. After it was finished, he submitted it to two Chicago publishers, to two New York firms, and to one in Boston and one in Philadelphia before it was accepted by a third, a New York publisher.

The manuscript was received during Christmas week of 1897, and was accepted early in the new year. The author never saw the book in print, for he died of consumption in Syracuse, New York, on March 31, 1898.

How Mr. Westcott came to write David Harum is almost as singular as how the publishers to whom he sent his story first came to decline it, and that is one of the things which passeth all understanding. Mr. Westcott was born in Syracuse in 1847, and spent his active life in a banking office. He took up this story when illness forced him out of business. The writing occupied his mind. It diverted his attention from himself. He found solace in the work. As it grew in length his interest in it increased. The characters were living persons to their creator. Their deeds and misdeeds were part of a life that filled his own failing days with keen delight.

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The story, if local historians of Central New York are to be believed, contained incidents from the author's personal observation. Its hero is said to have been the late David Hannum, of Homer—a famous character in that hamlet.

Hannum was a showman, horse-trader and thrifty business man, whose ready wit and sturdy sense form the basis of many stories current to this day in that region between the classic cities of Syracuse and Troy, Utica and Rome.

It is said that considerable of the author's own life enters into the character of John Lennox. That it was a lovable life there are many who have borne testimony since its close. This incident is related as an illustration of his loyalty to his friends while he was a schoolboy: One day—it was in the High School—he and his chum, Oliver Bissell, had offended their teacher by some outrageous breach of discipline that could not be overlooked. He therefore called the lads to his desk before the entire class for punishment. Raising a heavy ruler, he asked the boys to hold out their hands. After the first blow was struck young Westcott stepped impulsively forward and thrust out his own hand, saying:

"No more on Ollie's, sir. They're not so wide as your ruler. Strike me twice, but don't you dare to strike him again."

And the teacher did not dare to, either.

Mr. Westcott was married to a niece of the late millionaire wheat-dealer, David Dows. She died in 1890, leaving three children, two of whom are still under age.

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None of the young writers who have come to the front during the past twelvemonth has achieved a more certain or more widespread fame than Finley Peter Dunne, the Chicago editor who created Mr. Dooley. As a humorist Mr. Dunne is almost without a rival in his own day and generation, yet at the same time he has a potential for earnest, serious work that causes his critics to predict high things from him.

Mr. Dunne is a thorough-going newspaper man of long and active experience, and his Mr. Dooley is the gradual result of many years of good all-round work upon the Tribune, the Evening Post and the Chicago Journal. The first of the Dooley stories appeared in the Chicago Evening Post seven or eight years ago, and continued to be printed in that paper until January last, when Mr. Dunne left the Post to become managing editor of the Journal. In the spring of 1898 the first of the war sketches were printed in the Journal.

Mr. McGarry, the saloon-keeper who is popularly supposed to be the original of Mr. Dooley, is now situated at Madison Avenue, near the lake, though he formerly carried on his business near Newspaper Row. He is a man of genuine Irish wit, with a reserve of sound common sense, and his droll, incisive sayings have for years been the basis of much entertaining reading.

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Mr. Dunne was by no means slow in taking advantage of Mr. McGarry's humor, and some excellent Irish dialect stories began to be printed in the Post in which Mr. McGarry appeared under the thin disguise of McNarry. McGarry's friends soon found out the basis of supply and began to nickname the genial old Irishman McNarry. When it came to Colonel McNarry, McGarry could stand it no longer. He made formal complaint to the publisher of the Post, and asked him to write about some one else. Thus it was that Mr. Dooley, of Archey Road, made his bow to the public. But it is a long time now since Mr. McGarry has occurred to Mr. Dunne's imagination as an original, or even a semi-original, of Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Dunne is the hardest kind of a hard worker. He looks rather like a shrewd, effective business man than like a writer, or even a newspaper worker. He knows everybody in Chicago, one would think to follow him through a week's work—every one, that is, who is significant in the life of the city; the politician, the professional man, the man of great affairs, the writer or the leader in society—he knows them all, and understands them all with curiously minute knowledge of their relations to one another and to the community at large, and with a comprehension of character which is no less kindly than it is acute.

But much as Mr. Dunne is interested in and knows about the activities of life around him, it is, after all, the other things which move him most deeply and most often. One does not have to read Mr. Dooley too carefully to find in it the evidence of a very genuine care for literature and proof of the writer's constant literary point of view. For it is indeed literature that is closest to Mr. Dunne's heart.

He is only thirty-one years old, and he means to write, sometime, some things which will be quite in another vein from Mr. Dooley; possibly, indeed, it will be not so far distant to a little volume of essays—of Irish essays in American surroundings—in a style not unlike the inimitable preface of Mr. Dooley: In Peace and in War.

A wholly different career is that of Walter A. Wyckoff, author of The Workers—an epoch-making book, as strange as fiction and as true as life itself, one phase of which it depicts more faithfully, probably, than any other book ever written.

Mr. Wyckoff was graduated from Princeton University eleven years ago. He was born in India, where his father was a missionary, and spent his childhood in that country. One of his purposes in entering Princeton was to study theology and enter the ministry. He was and is of a deeply religious nature. He also was and is of an exclusive temperament, and has the manners and speech of a man of society.

Since writing his book Mr. Wyckoff has become assistant professor of political economy at Princeton, and he frequently goes into other cities and lectures upon the graphic scenes he witnessed while gathering his material.

Many stories have been told of how the author left a country house (said to be that of J. Pierpont Morgan) one night and disappeared from the world he had known, to find a place in the vast army of unknown laborers who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Whatever was the manner of his exit, there can be no doubt of the work he performed during his period of self-exile. He tramped the country from East to West without a dollar in his pocket save that earned by his own labor. One would think that during these years of hardship—and Mr. Wyckoff was no play-laborer—the polish of his early life would have been worn off. But it has not, in the least degree.

The Workers was not originally intended as a book. The chapters were first printed in a magazine, and their instant success has led unto their collection into one of the notable works upon the social problem of the past decade.

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Winston Churchill, the author of The Celebrity, came out of the West. He married in St. Louis, and lives on a delightful country place near Nyack-on-the-Hudson. In his younger days he was a newspaper man, but of late years he has devoted himself solely to literature.

Mr. Churchill is an intense lover of the country and an enthusiastic hunter and sportsman. He divides his days between outdoor recreations, writing and his family duties, and New York sees very little of him. While The Celebrity is Mr. Churchill's first book, it is not his first effort in the line of serious fiction. Before he began it he started work upon Richard Carvel, which will be published this month. That was two years ago, and The Celebrity was written at odd times when his interest in the latter book temporarily lagged.

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A similar personality, hearty, wholesome and frank, is that of David Gray, author of Gallops, which has been one of the best-selling books of short stories of the season. The author is a son of the late David Gray, the poet-editor of the Buffalo Courier. He was born in the Lake City less than thirty years ago. After being graduated from Harvard he entered upon a brief but brilliant career in journalism. His last newspaper work was the editing of the paper his father had so long conducted. Not finding journalism altogether to his taste, he began the study of law, and probably will be admitted to the bar this summer.

This is how Gallops came to be written: Two years ago it occurred to the author that if people of all kinds, from all parts of the country, went to the New York Horse Show, there must be a more general interest in what the horse stood for than a liking for horses, and, consequently, that stories about hunting and that sort of thing might be a go. He therefore wrote his stories, and their reception has more than justified his belief.

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The real scene of the tales was the Genesee Valley, where fox-hunting is a favorite pastime. Several localities had been suggested, but Mr. Gray has set at rest the discussion as to the scene of the tales in a letter to the writer in which he says:

> "A good many reviewers have established the locality in a good many different places. As a matter of fact, the locality is imaginary. After the stories had appeared serially, I learned there was a real 'Oakdale' on Long Island. I attempted to sketch a composite picture of American hunt club life, though my knowledge of most such clubs was only by hearsay. I like horses, but know little about them and ride badly."

Prisoners of Hope was written under difficulties which would have daunted any one less ambitious or courageous than its young author. The book was begun two years ago in her present home in Alabama. Two years previous to this time she had written some verses during a winter of illness. This work comprised her literary training. Her father was an officer in the Confederate Army, and the author was born in Virginia after the Civil War. She went to school in New York for several years, but upon the death of her mother she was called to her home, and since that time she has presided over her father's large household.

Her novel was written during the hour or two each day that she could spare from her domestic duties. Miss Johnston is petite and shy, but impresses one with an uncommon strength and fineness of character. She thinks out what she has to say before putting the words upon the paper, and when once set down they are seldom altered. She has written another novel, which is to appear soon.

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"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

America's Part in the Paris Exposition

By FERDINAND W. PECK
U. S. Commissioner-General

SINCE the appointment of a Commission to represent this Government in the affairs of the Paris Exposition of 1900, the fortunes of war have given the United States a new place among the nations. The brilliant triumphs of our fleets and the victories of our troops have made it impossible for the foreigner to regard this country in the same attitude he would have regarded it before the historic events of the past year gave the Old World nations a realization that the Western Republic had joined the family of world powers, and must be reckoned with as a stalwart among the great international forces.

This new prominence has brought to the Commissioners for the United States an added responsibility of which they have not been unmindful. It has also infused their countrymen with a fresh and stimulated interest in the great Exposition—a patriotic determination there to present the resources of their nation in a manner commensurate with the new dignity of the United States in the eyes of Europe.

This sense of augmented responsibility has found its expression in many ways, but in none more substantially than in the great additions to the space granted this country in which to display her exhibits at the coming Exposition, in the prompt and generous increase of appropriations to this end voted by Congress, and in the swelling list of applications for space by intending exhibitors.

All these tokens evidence a recognition, both in America and abroad, that the young giant of the West has risen to new place and power. Figures and statistics cannot adequately indicate the vast volume and force of this sentiment; but its great scope and strength are appreciated by this Commission, as it cannot be by those who come less directly in the course of its current.

While it has heaped high the load of responsibility already resting upon the Commission, it has also cheered those representing the Government of the United States to exertions impossible without so great and energizing an inspiration.

A profound grasp of the duty and opportunity to place before the world a graphic and convincing presentation of the achievements of the United States in the great fields of art, education, invention and the industries has been a gratifying development, on the part of this people, since the appointment of the present Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition. In appreciation of this generous and universal support he cannot do less than pledge the faithful performance and fulfillment of the great trust reposed in him.

Of results already accomplished, that which has clearest significance to the numerous applicants for space among American exhibitors is the large concessions of additional space which have been secured for the United States. Originally this allotment amounted to only 141,000 square feet. But this has been swelled to a total of little less than 225,000 square feet.

The obstacles that were in the way of this expansion, making possible the addition of thousands of exhibitors from this country, are not to be understood by the public or explained within the limitations of this article; but the value of the concession needs no comment other than the appreciation of the leaders in the great lines of effort that will stand for the greatness of our country at Paris.

The manifest appreciation of Congress, of the obligation upon this nation to adequately exploit its natural and acquired possessions at this great Exposition, and the increased scope of the work of the Commission made possible by the additional appropriation, have appealed to the patriotism and stimulated the pride of the citizens of the United States in all directions of human endeavor, with the result that even at this early period the Commissioner-General is sanguine of complete success in his office, and assured of a display that for brilliancy, comprehensiveness and coherence will reflect lasting credit upon this people.

FERDINAND W. PECK

Japan to Study American Systems of Legal Procedure

Owing to the new relations which Japan will assume this summer toward the United States, Great Britain, France, Germany and Austro-Hungary, by reason of her recent treaties with those countries, it has been deemed expedient by her Judicial Department to send a high legal Commission, comprising judges and prosecutors, to the principal cities in the countries mentioned.

The Government is particularly desirous of becoming thoroughly informed on the different systems of legal procedure in the West, on the prerogatives of the highest courts, and on the best means of dealing with questions of a commercial character that may arise under the treaties. With the information gathered by this Commission, the Department expects to establish a new code of procedure that will strengthen its relations with the Great Powers.

The Tripartite Agreement to Settle the Future of Samoa

The three nations directly interested in the future of Samoa have now done all in their power, for a few weeks, toward effecting a settlement of the various contentions that have existed, and, if anything, grown in strength since the tripartite agreement of Berlin.

A Joint High Commission has been created, and an agreement reached providing for unanimity of conclusions, and each Commissioner has received the full instructions of his Government at Washington. All will be taken to Apia in a United States naval vessel.

The United States is represented by Bartlett Tripp, a former Chief Justice of Dakota and Minister to Austria-Hungary; Great Britain, by Charles Norton Edgecumbe Eliot, a member of the British Embassy staff at Washington; and Germany by Baron Speck von Sternberg, first secretary of the German Embassy. These selections form a happy augury in that each Commissioner is entirely acceptable to the other two Governments. Pending the negotiations for a settlement, each Government is increasing its naval strength at the islands, more for police purposes, it is to be hoped, than for any other.

An Exposition to Promote the Export Trade of the United States

The first exposition ever projected anywhere for the particular purpose of promoting national export trade will be held in Philadelphia in September, October and November next, under the joint auspices of the Commercial Museum and the Franklin Institute.

At a time when the attention of the whole world is drawn more than ever to the great productive capabilities of the United States, this unique exposition is bound to have an immediate and far-reaching influence that will benefit all parts of the country.

Besides all manner of articles of natural growth that are exported to the ends of the earth, there will be an unexampled exhibition of the manufactured products of the country, that will occupy four-fifths of the entire exposition space.

During the exposition there will be a commercial congress to which the leading Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade, as well as great commercial and manufacturing firms throughout the world, will send delegates.

Foreign visitors will be shown in the exposition all that we grow and make that is needed abroad, and will then be taken to selected sections of the country, where they may study the processes of cultivation and manufacture.

American Members of Great Britain's Parliament

There is a much larger American influence in the making of British laws than is generally known. Directly, there are four American Members of Parliament—Sir Ellis Ashmead Bartlett, born in Brooklyn; his brother, William Ashmead Bartlett Burdett-Coutts, born in Massachusetts; Frank Allston Channing, son of the Rev. William Henry Channing, of Boston; and Henry M. Stanley, who, though born in Wales, was adopted and named by a citizen of New Orleans.

Indirectly, though with unquestioned influence, the United States is also represented by Joseph Chamberlain, Arthur Hugh Smith-Barry, Arthur Montague Brookfield, Mark Anthony MacDonnell, T. P. O'Connor and Boothby Burke-Roche, all of whom came here to get their wives. Only the fact of his birth in Ireland prevents Joseph Francis Fox from being the fifth American Member of Parliament, for he has spent the greater part of his life in New York City and Troy, where he was a college professor and a medical practitioner.

Destroying an Ancient Nation While Urging Universal Peace

It is a distressing commentary on the political condition of Russia that just on the eve of the assembly of an international congress to consider the Czar's scheme for throwing a cloak of peace over all the world, it is deemed necessary to renew the process of denationalizing Finland.

Last summer the POST noted the fact that despite pledges of enlarged but conditional freedom, the sentiments of the liberty-loving Finns toward Russia had undergone no change since the first invasion of their ancient national rights. Now, the last act in the obliteration of a people, with a grand and sturdy history, with a past marked with glorious achievements, is impending in the utter destruction of their language and their religion.

The fateful ukase has excited the sympathy of the enlightened world, which still has a warm place in its great heart for poor Poland and the Finns, and their friends in other countries—especially in the United States and Canada—are seeking by every means in their power to prevent the Russification of their native land. Protests to the Great Powers, however, have lost their force in recent months, and it is doubtful if any representations will be strong enough to stay the hand that is ready to wipe Finland completely out of national existence.

Whence Did the Hawaiians Originally Come?

Professor Crawford H. Toy, of Harvard University, in a lecture on Hawaiian Folklore, indulges in some curious speculations regarding the origin of the native Hawaiian people. He declares that the isolation of this people has caused an individuality in thought and customs, and that in many respects they are unlike any other.

Local traditions indicate that Hawaii was originally settled by immigrants from Samoa, but he finds these traditions to be entirely too vague for acceptance, and concedes that whence the natives originally came has never been learned, and probably always will be unknown. In the practice of the Taboo, or system of restrictions that grew out of religious conditions and pervaded the lives of all the people, and that resembled the "Thou Shalt Not" of the Decalogue, he found evidences of extreme antiquity, including the Hebrew conception of the Seventh Day, Babylonian customs, the prohibitory features of the Puritan Sabbath, and the belief in a volcanic deity somewhat resembling in character the Hercules of Grecian mythology. The Taboo system was overthrown, in 1817, through European influences, and when the people found that no dire calamity followed the destruction of their idols they rejoiced as genuinely as if they had been released from a dominating incubus.

Economic Resources of the Philippine Islands

The United States Government has published a timely report on the industries of the Philippine Islands, based on the preliminary investigations of recently appointed American Commissioners, which should be studied in connection with the query, Will the islands ever be worth to us what they will ultimately cost?

Taking the year 1894 as the fairest of recent ones, it is shown that the rice crop was about 765,000 tons—not enough for local demands—chiefly produced in Luzon and Mindoro; that the sugar crop of the Visayas was about 235,000 tons, of which one-tenth was consumed locally and the remainder, valued at $11,000,000, exported; and that the hemp crop of Southern Luzon, Mindoro, the Visayas and Mindanao was 96,000 tons, valued at $12,000,000, and nearly all exported.

Tobacco, raised in all the islands, but the best in Luzon, yielded 7000 tons of leaf, valued at $1,750,000, and cocoanuts, grown in Southern Luzon, supplied a large local demand and had a surplus for export valued at $2,400,000. The foregoing are the chief productions of the soil. Of important minerals, gold in various forms is found in many localities from Northern Luzon to Central Mindanao. The present survey is expected to show large possibilities in the way of gold, copper, iron, and, maybe, coal mining, under the application of American methods.

An Attempt to Ostracize an Ambassador for Doing His Duty

The rumor that certain foreign representatives at Washington had decided to withhold from Manuel Aspiroz, the new Mexican Ambassador to the United States, the social recognition that is usually extended to each other, is absurd in all its bearings, and the pretext alleged is one that will find no favor in this country.

It is no concern of other Governments if those of the United States and Mexico have found reason for raising their respective Legations to Embassies; and if, as is the case, the two Governments are mutually satisfied with their Ambassadors, it matters little what others think.

To-day, more than ever, the first duty of a foreign representative, be he Ambassador, Minister or Consul, is to promote the business interests of his own country in that to which he is accredited. The social function is a voluntary evening affair after the business of the day has been finished.

That Ambassador Aspiroz was chosen the prosecutor of the Archduke Maximilian, and that he secured his conviction as a usurper through the treacherous coöperation of Napoleon III, were high evidences of his superior ability as a lawyer. Because Austria has never forgiven Mexico for the execution at Quetaro is no reason why, thirty-two years afterward, the successful prosecutor, further honored by his own country, should be diplomatically boycotted in a country to which he has been officially welcomed.

The United States Promoting the Upbuilding of the New Spain

With the exchange of the ratifications of the treaty of peace Spain entered on a new life, in which no nation will more truly wish her well than the United States. The past has become as a completed and closed volume that should be laid away where moth and dust doth corrupt, and only the historian finds delight.

A fearful atonement has been made for what we have considered long-borne wrongs against humanity, and the country rises before greater opportunities for national grandeur than were ever before possible, and with a more respect-commanding equipment because freed from elements that had previously horrified the world.

The United States was quick to extend the open hand of national fraternity. The Raleigh saluted the Spanish flag before the final act of peace was consummated. Important commercial privileges were guaranteed Spain in the treaty. The American Government, in appointing Bellamy Storer to be Minister to the new Spain, paid an appreciated compliment to the political and religious sentiments of that country.

We have also expressed a willingness to pay over the $20,000,000 three months before the limit of time, to aid the national recuperation. Spain sends us the Duke of Arcos, with his American wife, as her diplomatic representative, and both countries are hastening the full restoration of Consular relations.

Remarkable Development of the American Silk Industry

A few years ago there was very scant appreciation in the United States of silk goods of domestic manufacture, and the only way to make American dress fabrics "go" was to load them with clay till they would stand alone and put them on the market under a foreign-looking label.

In fifteen years the silk industry has grown with a pace that is astonishing. The production has been tripled, and to-day fully two-thirds of all the silk goods used in the country is of home making—broad goods, ribbons and sewing silk.

At the present time there are more than 860 silk mills in operation, with 27,000 power looms for broad weaving and 6000 for ribbon weaving, and during last year the production of broad goods was worth $40,000,000, and of ribbons $20,000,000, besides the greater part, if not all, of the sewing silk that was used here.

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MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

Platt as a Poet

Few people would suspect it, but Senator Platt, of New York, writes poetry and sings a good song. His musical attainments were demonstrated a couple of years ago at a banquet in New York City, when he rose and with great spirit started that grandest of all the hymns that grew out of the Civil War:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

He sang the verses and the crowd united in the chorus of the battle-hymn. Often before and since that occasion he has sung familiar songs in the presence of his friends, and whenever he happens to be where singing is going on he invariably joins in the chorus.

About three years ago Mr. Platt read a very good poem of his own composition at a meeting of the Quaint Club, in New York City. It is an organization of newspaper people and artists similar to the Gridiron Club in Washington, and usually gives a dinner every month. This poem was written for the occasion, and was very witty, telling of the fearful fate of a reckless and mischievous pig.

On that occasion he told the writer that he was the author of a number of campaign songs, and that scarcely an election passed without two or three contributions of this kind from him, but he never allowed the authorship to be known. While he was in college he wrote a great deal of poetry, he said, and among the treasures of his boyhood, locked up in an old trunk in the attic of his home at Owego, are the manuscripts.

It is not generally known that Mr. Platt was a member of the famous class of '53 at Yale—the class that contained more famous men than were ever graduated in any one year from that or any other college.

F. MARION CRAWFORD

Crawford's Earthquake

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who was believed by many admirers to be a woman for years after he became known, on account of his name, will not visit America this season unless he changes his plans materially. In 1898 he went over the same lecture field now being covered by Ian Maclaren.

It was during this trip that the novelist had his first experience with an American earthquake. It was in San Francisco, and the shock was one of the greatest known on the slope for years. Mr. Crawford was lunching at the hotel with his lecture manager when suddenly the building began to tremble with that sickening motion which is peculiar to earthquakes. Then the tables shook, and dishes fell clattering to the floor.

In an instant there was a panic. Men and women rushed from the room. Some religiously inclined guest began to pray, and several women fainted. The manager rose and staggered toward the door, but Mr. Crawford caught him and pulled him back into his chair.

"What is it?" gasped the manager.

"Nothing," answered the novelist, reaching for another slice of bread.

"But the building is collapsing."

"Nonsense. It's over now."

"But what is it?"

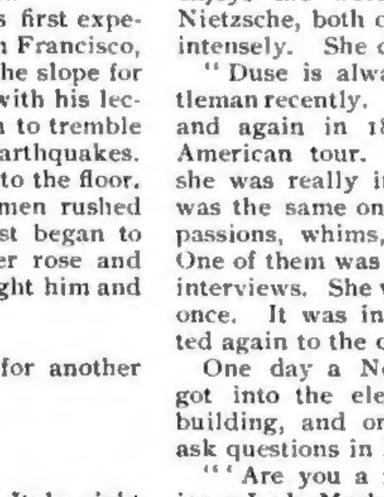
"It's only an earthquake. We get them in Italy right along. It doesn't amount to anything. What kind of dessert are you going to have?"

First American Governor of Guam

At first thought it would seem as if the appointment of Captain Richard P. Leary, of the United States Navy, to be Governor of the newly acquired and far-distant island of Guam was more of a punishment than an honor, and that the regrets of the friends of that officer were in order. Considering, however, that Guam is the only new possession of the United States that will have a naval officer as Military Governor, that the island is to be made an important naval station, and that exclusive jurisdiction will be vested in the Navy Department, the appointment is officially regarded as a warm compliment to Captain Leary's abilities as an administrator.

This Captain Leary is the same officer who was presented by the State of Maryland with a costly chronometer, in 1893, for heroic and gallant services in protecting and vindicating American rights at Samoa during the revolution in 1888. He then commanded the Adams, and with threats of sinking a German war-ship if its Commander carried out his threat to bombard a town where there were large unprotected American interests, forced the Commander to desist.

Captain Leary was under orders at the time to come home, but took the responsibility of disobeying them, and continued to hover about the German war-ship till its Commander decided that he was needed elsewhere.



WILLIAM GILLETTE

Joe Wheeler and the Verse-Makers

They tell many stories about General "Fighting Joe" Wheeler. He is a familiar sight in Washington, where he has been most of the time since reconstruction days. As a speaker he is a rare favorite in the House, not so much because of what he says as because of his manner. He is said to be much more composed in battle than in debate, [illegible] within, however, and during the summer months

Since the war began he has been the recipient of more laudatory poems probably than any other officer in the Army. Even in Scotland and England tributes have been written in verse praising the valor of the little man from Alabama. On one occasion recently he received a charmingly written sonnet in his honor, composed by a world-famed poet. He is said to have been so pleased by the compliment that he had his secretary write to the poet about as follows:

"*My Dear Sir:* I don't know why you have honored me to such an extent. I really am only a humble worker in the service of my flag."

The answer, refreshingly frank, was as follows:

"*My Dear Sir:* Of course the poem was inspired by your bravery, but that was really not the chief cause of its composition. I wrote it because it was so easy to make things rhyme with 'Jo.'"

A Great Tenor's Care of His Voice

Sims Reeves, the most famous tenor singer of his day, who retired from the stage to teach in 1892, and six years afterward was obliged by failing health to give up teaching also, was so careful of his voice in his palmy days that he declared his conscientiousness had cost him at least $400,000.

"I have lived the life of an anchorite," he once said. "You really do not know, and the public do not know, what self-denial I have practiced, what deprivation I have suffered during my career. I am the most careful and abstemious liver in the world."

He preferred to disappoint an audience by not appearing rather than by singing when his throat was not in the best condition. He was most thorough in all his practicing. He says:

"I have always studied my words; I have read them and phrased them in every possible way, and asked myself what they meant, and interpreted them according to my own feeling. I walk up and down, trying this line and trying that, until I feel that I have struck the right idea."

His getting ready to sing was always a more laborious effort than the singing itself.

Signora Duse and the Reporter

Eleanora Duse will reappear in America next season in a company of her own, perhaps in conjunction with Signor Ermete Jacconi, who is said to be as great an actor as she is an actress. She is now living in Venice.

Signora Duse is an omnivorous reader, and especially enjoys the works of Gabriel d'Annunzio and Friedrich Nietzsche, both of whom she knows personally and admires intensely. She does everything intensely.

"Duse is always an actress," said a gentleman recently. "I know that, because in 1894 and again in 1896 I was interested in her American tour. I never could tell whether she was really in earnest or only acting. It was the same on and off the stage. She had passions, whims, emotions and odd fancies. One of them was her abhorrence of newspaper interviews. She was once interviewed, but only once. It was in Paris, and she never submitted again to the ordeal.

One day a New York newspaper reporter got into the elevator with her in my office building, and on his way upstairs began to ask questions in Italian.

"'Are you a reporter?' she asked, assuming a Lady Macbeth pose.

"'I am,' answered the young man humbly.

"'A reporter! You want to interview me?'

"'I do.'

"'A—a—a—a—h!!'

"This was said in that tone of voice which led the elevator boy to turn pale, and in his intense excitement he stopped the car.

"'A—a—a—a—a—h!!' she repeated, and she pointed her finger at the reporter as if it were a loaded pistol.

"He fled as from a plague—fled on the run, and didn't stop until he reached the street. When we got to my office the Signora started in to 'A—a—a—h' me, but I switched off on to business and the incident ended. It was a clever piece of acting, though."

ELEANORA DUSE

William Gillette's Three Fads

It would take $100,000 to equal the annual earnings of William Gillette, the actor-playwright. Mr. Gillette has three sources of income, according to report. One as an actor, one in the shape of royalties, and one as a sharer in his manager's profits. He is now working upon a dramatization of Sherlock Holmes, in which he will play his favorite mysterious rôle.

Mr. Gillette has three fads. He is retiring to a degree. Last winter he kept to his hotel so closely that a report gained credence in New York that he had disappeared, and search parties were talked of as possibilities.

He is almost an incessant smoker. He believes that smoking on the stage is typical of that reserve force which so strongly marks his acting. It is suggested that his love of tobacco may have something to do with this belief, but those who recall the cigar scene in the telegraph office in Secret Service will not credit this suggestion.

His third fad is the house-boat. Mr. Gillette's floating home is a cross between a canal-boat and gypsy wagon. It is propelled by steam, very slowly, and is a sight to make ordinary sailormen quake with fear. It is luxuriously furnished within, however, and during the summer months it is a familiar figure on the Connecticut River, in the vicinity of his home in Hartford.

Last year Mr. Gillette invited Charles Frohman of theatrical fame, and another friend, to come down with him to New York on the boat instead of going by train. Mr. Frohman had an important business engagement the next evening in one of his theatres.

The trip consumed five days, four of which were on the Sound, too far from shore for either wading or swimming, and the Holy Terror (that was the boat's name) had no small boats. It is said to have been the unhappiest five days of Mr. Frohman's busy life, in spite of the company of his host and the inviting dishes prepared by his French chef. The actor, however, enjoyed it to the utmost.

After a particularly stormy scene between the two, when Mr. Frohman with tears in his eyes explained the necessity of greater haste, Mr. Gillette remarked dryly, as is his custom: "That will do, Frohman. If you say any more I'll write a play about this trip, and I'll produce it if I have to bring it out myself."

Nothing more was said about the delay.

Why Cervera Delayed His Rush Till Sunday

Rear-Admiral Schley, at a reception the other night, in commenting on the great sea-fight off Santiago, called attention to a singular coincidence that marked the Saturday night before Cervera's fatal sortie, and that sealed the doom of his fleet. It was Cervera's intention to attempt an escape in the darkness of night. When almost ready to give the starting order, the black sky at the entrance to the harbor was suddenly lit up by the burning of a Spanish blockhouse by some adventurous Cubans. As the light of this died down, that of another loomed up, and the rise and fall of light was continued till six blockhouses had been burned. The unusual spectacle attracted the attention of every man on the American fleet, but no one knew its import.

To Admiral Cervera the successive flames had a startling meaning, for he interpreted them to be a signal from the Cubans to the American fleet that the Spaniards had six vessels in the harbor. Acting on this, he decided to postpone the attempt to escape till the next morning. Had he not changed his mind, he would have found the American fleet as fully prepared for him on Saturday night as it was on Sunday morning, owing to the mysterious lights beyond the Morro.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Mr. Harriman's Boys' Club.—The new President of the Chicago & Alton railway system is a slender, thoughtful, retiring man of less than medium height and the softest imaginable speech. He is E. H. Harriman, one of the most successful of New York's millionaire railway financiers. He has one fad of which the public at large knows little. He is the President of the Boys' Club, the oldest institution of the sort, and the largest, in the world. It is in the heart of the East Side, and is designed to make it pleasant for street waifs. It is expected that a splendid new building will be erected for its use this year.

Justice Field as a Collector.—The late Justice Stephen J. Field is said to have possessed one of the finest collections of old prints in this country. His taste ran in the line of pictures of places. His portfolios were a liberal education in the history of Washington and California.

Mr. Gregory's Wit.—Isaac M. Gregory is the only one of the famous newspaper humorists of a quarter of a century ago who is in active harness. He is and has been for many years the editor of Judge. One of Mr. Gregory's most brilliant jests was written twenty odd years ago in reply to a statement made by Mr. Le Duc, who was our last Commissioner of Agriculture. Le Duc had quarreled with the press, and some one asked him why he didn't reply in kind. "Nonsense," he returned; "I shall wear no jackass' scalp at my belt." To this Mr. Gregory promptly retorted. "Oh, no, old fellow. You'll wear it where it grew!" This ended the controversy.

A Versatile Indian.—Horace Nicolas, tribal representative of the Oldtown Maine Indian Reservation in the State Legislature, is a versatile and talented man. He leads the only Indian brass band in the country. He is a composer of note. During the summers he is a guide for hunting parties in the foothills of Mount Katahdin and along the branches that empty into Moosehead Lake. Last summer he was a cook for a party, the guide of which was his father-in-law. During the winter he divides his time between music and weaving fancy baskets out of sweet-smelling grasses gathered by the women of the tribe along the shores of Bar Harbor.

The Queen Her Guest.—Madam Albani-Gye is one of the few American women whom Queen Victoria occasionally visits. Mar Lodge is her home in the Scottish Highlands, and there she entertained the Queen last year. Madam Albani was born near Montreal, and adopted her name in honor of the city of Albany, whose people had been kind to her in the early days of her career. The Queen is so fond of Albani's singing that on one occasion in Mar Lodge she compelled the artist to repeat her favorite song (Tennyson's ode on the opening of the Colonial Exhibition in 1886) five times.

Mr. Plant's First Visit.—H. B. Plant, the Southern railroad and hotel magnate, is over eighty years old, and is as active and energetic as he was a score of years ago. When he first went to Florida, more than thirty years ago, he made the trip from Jacksonville to St. Augustine by boat and mule-team, and was obliged to camp by the way in a tent. He saw an opportunity there to build railroads and hotels, and embraced it. One of his finest hotels now stands where his tent did, and over the wagon road he traveled runs one of his railroads.

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The MARKET-PLACE

By HAROLD FREDERIC

With *Pictures* by HARRISON FISHER

Chapter XXII

BY THE autumn of the following year a certain small proportion of the people inhabiting the district in Hertfordshire which set its clocks by the dial over the stable-tower of Pellesley Court had accustomed themselves to give the place its new name of High Thorpe. These were for the most part the folk of peculiarly facile wits and ready powers of adaptation, like pushing, small tradesmen and the upper servants in country houses.

An indolent and hazy compromise upon Pellesley Thorpe had drifted into use by perhaps a larger number. To the puzzled conservatism of the abiding huge majority nearest to the soil—the round-backed, lumpish men who tie strings around their corduroys under the knee, and the strong, cow-faced women who look at passers-by on the road from the doors of dark little cottages over radiant patches of blossoming garden—it seemed safest to drop family names altogether and call it merely the Court.

It stood proudly upon what was rather a notable elevation for these flat parts—a massive mansion of simple form, built of a gray stone which seemed at a distance almost white against the deep background of yews and Italian pines behind it. For many miles seaward this pale front was a landmark. From the terrace-walk at its base one beheld a great expanse of soft green country, sloping gently away for a long distance, then stretching out upon a level which on misty days was interminable.

In bright weather the remote, low-lying horizon had a defining line of brownish-blue, and this stood for what was left of a primitive forest, containing trees much older than the Norman name it bore.

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It was a forest which, at some time, no doubt, had extended without a break till it merged into that of Epping, leagues away to the south. The modern clearance and tillage, however, which separated it from Epping had served as a curiously effective barrier, more baffling than the Romans and Angles in their turn had found the original wildwood.

No stranger seemed ever to find his way into that broad, minutely cultivated fertile plain which High Thorpe looked down upon. No railway had pushed its cheapening course across it. Silent, embowered old country roads and lanes netted its expanse with hedgerows; red points of tiled roofs, distinguishable here and there in clusters among the darker greens of orchards, identified the scattered hamlets—all named in Domesday Book, all seemingly unchanged since.

A gray square church-tower emerging from the rooks' nests; an ordered mass of foliage sheltering the distant chimneys of some isolated house; the dim perception that a rustic wagon was in motion on some highway, crawling patiently like an insect—of this placid, inductive nature were all the added proofs of human occupation that the landscape offered.

Mr. Stormont Thorpe, on an afternoon of early October, yawned in the face of this landscape, and then idly wondered a little at the mood which had impelled him to do so.

At the outset of his proprietorship he had bound himself as by a point of honor to regard this as the finest view from any gentleman's house in England. During the first few months his fidelity had been taxed a good deal, but these temptations and struggles lay now all happily behind him. He had satisfactorily assimilated the spirit of the vista, and blended it with his own. Its inertia, when one came to comprehend it, was undeniably magnificent, and long ago he had perceived within himself the growth of an answering repose, a responsive lethargy, which in its full development was also going to be very fine.

Practically all the land this side of the impalpable line where trees and houses began to fade into the background belonged to him; there were whole villages nestling half-concealed under its shrubberies which were his property.

As an investment, these possessions were extremely unremunerative. Indeed, if one added the cost of the improvements which ought to be made to the expenditure already laid out in renovations it was questionable if, for the next twenty years, they would not represent a deficit on the income-sheet. But, now that he had laid hold of the local character, it pleased him that it should be so.

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He would not for the world have his gentle, woolly minded, unprofitable cottagers transformed into "hustlers"; it would wound his eye to see the smoke of any commercial chimney, the smudge of any dividend-paying factory, staining the pure tints of the sylvan landscape. He had truly learned to love it. Yet now, as he strolled on the terrace with his first after-luncheon cigar, he unaccountably yawned at the thing he loved.

Upon reflection, he had gone to bed rather earlier the previous evening than usual. His liver seemed right enough. He was not conscious of being either tired or drowsy.

He looked again at the view with some fixity, and said to himself convincingly that nothing else in England could compare with it. It was the finest thing there was anywhere. Then he surprised himself in the middle of another yawn—and halted abruptly. It occurred to him that he wanted to travel.

Since his home-coming to this splendid new home in the previous January, at the conclusion of a honeymoon spent in Algiers and Egypt, he had not been out of England. There had been a considerable sojourn in London, it is true, at what was described to him as the height of the season, but looking back upon it he could not think of it as a diversion. It had been a restless, overworked, mystifying experience, full of dinners to people whom he had never seen before, and laborious encounters with other people whom he did not particularly want to see again.

There had been no physical comfort in it for him, and little more mental satisfaction, for Londoners—or rather people in London—seemed all to be making an invidious distinction in their minds between him and his wife. The fact that she continued to be called Lady Cressage was not of itself important to him.

But, in the incessant going about in London, their names were called out together so often that his ear grew sensitive and sore to the touch of the footmen's reverberations. The meaning differentiation which the voices of the servants insisted upon seemed inevitably reflected in the glance and manner of their mistresses. More than anything else, that made him hate London, and barred the doors of his mind to all thoughts of buying a town house.

His newly made wife, it is true, had not cared much for London either, and had agreed to his decision against a town house almost with animation. The occasion of their return from the hot bustle of the metropolis to these cool home shades—in particular the minute in which, at a bend in the winding carriage-way down below, they had silently regarded together the spectacle uplifted before them, with the big, welcoming house, and the servants on the terrace—had a place of its own in his memory.

Edith had pressed his arm as they sat side by side in the landau, on the instant compulsion of a feeling they had in common. He had never before or since had the same assurance that she shared an emotion with him.

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He was very far, however, from finding fault with his wife. It was in the nature of the life he chose to lead that he should see a great deal of her, and think a great deal about her, and she bore both tests admirably. If there were a fault to be found it was with himself, for his inability to altogether understand her. She played the part she had undertaken to play with abundant skill and discretion and grace, and even with an air of nice good-fellowship which had some of the aspects of affection.

He was vaguely annoyed with himself for having insight enough to perceive that it was a part she was playing, and yet lacking the added shrewdness to divine what her own personal attitude to her rôle was like. He had noticed sometimes the way good women looked at their husbands when the latter were talking over their heads—with the eager, intent, non-comprehending admiration of an affectionate dog. This was a look which he could not imagine himself discovering in his wife's eyes.

It was not conceivable to him that he should talk over her head. Her glance not only revealed an ample understanding of all he said, but suggested unused reserves of comprehension which he might not fathom. It was as if, intellectually, no less than socially, she possessed a title, and he remained an undistinguished plebeian.

He made no grievance, however, even in his own things that a year ago it had seemed to him he would thoughts, of either inequality. She had been charmingly frank and fair about the question of the names when it first arose. The usage had latterly come to be, she explained, for a widow bearing even a courtesy title derived from her late husband to retain it on marrying again.

It was always the easiest course to fall in with usage, but if he had any feelings on the subject, and preferred to have her insist on being called Mrs. Thorpe, she would meet his wishes with entire willingness. It had seemed to him, as to her, that it was wisest to allow usage to settle the matter. Some months after their marriage there appeared in the papers what purported to be an authoritative announcement that the Queen objected to the practice among ladies who married a second time of retaining titles acquired by the earlier marriages, and that the lists of precedency at Buckingham Palace would henceforth take this into account.

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Lady Cressage showed this to her husband, and talked again with candor on the subject. She said she had always rather regretted the decision they originally came to, and even now could wish that it might be altered, but that to effect a change in the face of this paragraph would seem servile—and in this, as in most other things, he agreed with her. As she said, they wanted nothing of Buckingham Palace.

She wanted equally little, it seemed, of the society which the neighboring district might afford. There was a meagre routine of formal calls kept in languid operation, Thorpe knew, but it was so much in the background that he never came in contact with it.

His own notions of the part he ought to take in county affairs had undergone a silent and unnoted, yet almost sweeping, change. What little he saw of the gentry and strong local men with whom he would have to work quietly undermined and dismantled all his ambitions in that direction. They were not his sort; their standards for the measurement of things were unintelligible to him. He did not doubt that, if he set himself about it, he could impose his dominion upon them, any more than he doubted that, if he mastered the Chinese language, he could lift himself to be a Mandarin, but the one would be as unnatural and unattractive an enterprise as the other.

He came to be upon nodding terms with most of the "carriage people" round about; some few he exchanged meaningless words with upon occasion, and understood that his wife also talked with them, when it was unavoidable, but there his relationship to the county ended, and he was well pleased that it should. It gave him satisfaction to see that his wife seemed also well pleased.

He used the word "seemed" in his inmost musings, for it was never quite certain what really did please and displease her. It was always puzzling to him to reconcile her undoubted intellectual activity with the practical emptiness of the existence she professed to enjoy.

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In one direction she had, indeed, a genuine outlet for her energies, which he could understand her regarding in the light of an occupation. She was crazier about flowers and plants than anybody he had ever heard of, and it had delighted him to make over to her, labeled jocosely as the bouquet fund, a sum of money which, it seemed to him, might have paid for the hanging-gardens of Babylon. It yielded in time—emerging slowly but steadily from a prodigious litter of cement and bricks and mortar and putty, under the hands of innumerable masons, carpenters, glaziers, plumbers and nondescript subordinates, all of whom talked unwearyingly about nothing at all, and suffered no man to perform any part of his allotted task without suspending his own labors to watch him—an imposing long line of new greenhouses, more than twenty in number.

The mail bag was filled meanwhile with nurserymen's catalogues, and the cart made incessant journeys to and from Punsey station, bringing back vast straw-enwrapped bundles and boxes beyond counting, the arrival and unpacking of which was with Edith the event of the day.

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About the reality of her engrossed interest in all the stages of progress by which these greenhouses became crowded museums of the unusual and abnormal in plant-life it was impossible to have any suspicion. And even after they were filled, Thorpe noted with joy that this interest seemed in no wise to flag.

She spent hours every day under the glass, exchanging comments and theories with her gardeners, and even pulling things about with her own hands

—and in the evenings she often worked late over the maps and plans she drew for all this

She spent hours every day under the glass, exchanging comments and theories with her gardeners, and even pulling things about with her own hands, and other hours she devoted almost as regularly to supervising the wholesale alterations that had been begun in the gardens outside. There were to be new paths, new walls with a southern exposure, new potting-sheds, new forcing-pits, new everything—and in the evenings she often worked late over the maps and plans she drew for all this.

Thorpe's mind found it difficult to grasp the idea that a lady of such notable qualities could be entirely satisfied by a career among seeds and bulbs and composts, but at least time brought no evidence of a decline in her horticultural zeal. Who knew? Perhaps it might go on indefinitely.

As for himself, he had got on very well without any special diversion or hobby. He had not done any of the great

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The Market-Place began in the issue of the POST for December 17, 1898.

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forthwith do, but his mind was serenely undisturbed by regrets. He did not even remember with any distinctness what these things were that he had been going to do.

The routine of life—as arranged and borne along by the wise and tactful experts who wore the livery of High Thorpe—was abundantly sufficient in itself.

The house itself made demands upon him nearly as definite as those of the servants. It was a house of huge rooms, high ceilings and grandiose fireplaces and stairways, which had seemed to him like a Royal palace when he first beheld it, and still produced upon him an effect of undigestible largeness and strangeness.

It was not so old as the agents had represented it by centuries, but it adapted itself as little to his preconceived notions of domesticity as if it had been built by Druids. The task of seeming to be at home in it had as many sides to it as there were minutes in the day, and, oddly enough, Thorpe found in their study and observance a congenial occupation.

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He walked on his spacious terrace after luncheon—a tall, portly, well-groomed figure of a man, of relaxed, easy aspect, with his big cigar, and his panama hat, and his loose clothes of choice fabrics and exquisite tailoring—and said to himself that it was the finest view in England—and then, to his own surprise, caught himself in the act of yawning.

From under the silk curtains and awning of a window-doorway at the end of the terrace his wife issued and came toward him. Her head was bare, and she had the grace and fresh beauty of a young girl in her simple light gown of some summery figured stuff.

"What do you say to going off somewhere—to-morrow, if you like—traveling abroad?" he called out as she approached him. The idea, only a moment old in his mind, had grown to great proportions.

"How can we?" she asked, upon the briefest thought. "They are coming at the end of the week. This is Monday, and they arrive on the twelfth—that's this Saturday."

"So soon as that!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was later. H-m! I don't know—I think perhaps I'll go up to London this evening. I'm by way of feeling restless all at once. Will you come up with me?"

She shook her head. "I can't think of anything in London that would be tolerable."

He gave a vague little laugh. "I shall probably hate it myself when I get there," he speculated. "There isn't anybody I want to see; there isn't anything I want to do. I don't know—perhaps it might liven me up."

Her face took on a look of inquiring gravity. "Are you getting tired of it, then?" She put the question gently, almost cautiously.

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He reflected a little. "Why—no," he answered, as if reasoning to himself. "Of course I'm not. This is what I've always wanted. It's my idea to a 't.' Only—I suppose everything needs a break in it now and then—if only for the comfort of getting back into the old rut again."

"The rut—yes," she commented musingly. "Apparently there's always a rut."

Thorpe gave her the mystified yet uncomplaining glance she knew so well in his eyes. For once the impulse to throw hidden things up into his range of view prevailed with her.

"Do you know," she said with a confused half-smile at the novelty of her mood for elucidation, "I fancied a rut was the one thing there could be no question about with you. I had the notion that you were incapable of ruts—and conventional grooves. I thought you—as Carlyle puts it—I thought you were a man who had swallowed all the formulas."

Thorpe looked at his stomach doubtfully. "I see what you mean," he said in a tone without any note of conviction.

"I doubt it," she told him with light readiness, "for I don't see myself what I mean. I forget, indeed, what it was I said. And so you think you'll go up to town to-night?"

A sudden comprehension of what was slipping away from his grasp aroused him. "No, no," he urged her, "don't forget what it was you said! I wish you'd talk more with me about that. It was what I wanted to hear. You never tell me what you're really thinking about."

She received the reproach with a mildly incredulous smile. "Yes—I know—who used to scold me about that? Oh!"—she seemed suddenly reminded of something—"I was forgetting to mention it. I have a letter from Celia Madden. She is back in England; she is coming to us Saturday, too."

He put out his lips a trifle. "That's all right," he objected, "but what has it got to do with what we were talking about?"

"WELL—UNLESS YOU REALLY VETO THE THING—I THINK I'D LIKE TO TELL HIM TO COME"

"Talking about?" she queried with a momentarily blank countenance. "Oh, she used to bully me about my deceit and treachery and similar crimes. But I shall be immensely glad to see her. I always fight with her, but I think I like her better than any other woman alive."

"I like her, too," Thorpe was impelled to say, with a kind of solemnity. "She reminds me of some of the happiest hours in my life."

His wife, after a brief glance into his face, laughed pleasantly, if with a trace of flippancy. "You say nice things," she observed, slightly inclining her head. "But now that Celia is coming, it would be as well to have another man. It's such dreadfully short notice, though."

"I dare say your father could come, all right," Thorpe suggested. "I'd rather have him than almost any one else. Would you mind asking him—or shall I?"

An abrupt silence marked this introduction of a subject upon which the couple had differed openly. Thorpe, through processes unaccountable to himself, had passed from a vivid dislike of General Kervick to a habit of mind in which he thoroughly enjoyed having him about. The General had been twice to High Thorpe, and on each occasion had so prolonged his stay that, in retrospect, the period of his absence seemed inconsiderable.

The master, now thinking upon it in this minute of silence, was conscious of having missed him greatly. He would not have been bored to the extremity of threatening to go to London if Kervick had been there. The General was a gentleman, and yet had the flexible adaptability of a retainer; he had been trained in discipline, and hence knew how to defer without becoming fulsome or familiar; he was a man of the world, and knew an unlimited number of good stories. And then, there was his matchless, unfailing patience in playing chess, or backgammon, or draughts, or bézique, whatever he perceived the master desired.

"If you really wish it," Edith said, at last, coldly.

"But that's what I don't understand," Thorpe urged upon her with vigor. "If I like him, I don't see why his own daughter——"

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"Oh, need we discuss it?" she broke in impatiently. "If I'm an unnatural child, why, then I am one, and may it not be allowed to pass at that?" A stormy kind of smile played upon her beautifully cut lips as she added: "Surely one's filial emotions are things to be taken for granted—relieved from the necessity of explanation."

Thorpe grinned faintly at the hint of pleasantry, but he did not relinquish his point. "Well—unless you really veto the thing—I think I'd like to tell him to come," he said with composed obstinacy. Upon an afterthought he added: "There's no reason why he shouldn't meet the Duke, is there?"

"No specific reason," she returned with coolness of tone and manner. "And certainly I do not see myself in the part of Madame Veto."

"All right, then—I'll wire him," said Thorpe. His victory made him uneasy, yet he saw no way of abandoning it with decorum.

As the two, standing in a silence full of tacit constraint, looked aimlessly away from the terrace, they saw at the same instant a vehicle with a single horse coming rather briskly up the driveway, some hundreds of yards below. It was recognizable at once as the local trap from Punsey station, and as usual it was driven by a boy from the village. Seated beside this lad was a burly, red-bearded man, who, to judge from the traveling bags, seemed coming to High Thorpe to stay.

"Who on earth is that?" asked Thorpe wonderingly. The man was obviously of the lower class, yet there seemed something about him which invited recognition.

"Presumably it's the new head-gardener," she replied with brevity.

Her accent recalled to Thorpe the fact that there had been something disagreeable in their conversation, and the thought of it was unpleasant to him. "Why, I didn't know you had a new man coming," he said.

"Yes," she answered, and then, as if weighing the proffered propitiation and rejecting it, turned slowly and went into the house.

The trap apparently ended its course at some back entrance; he did not see it again. He strolled indoors after a little, and told his man to pack a bag for London and order the Stanhope to take him to the train.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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America's Attitude Among Civilized Nations

IT IS assuming something for us, the people of the United States, to call ourselves *the American people*. In France, when one says that he is an American he is often asked whether he is from South America or from North America. The American policy, however, toward the world is now that of the North, to wit, the people of the United States. Like some great river, after the spring rains, breaking out and flooding the whole country, so we have broken out and gone beyond our boundaries, toward the east and the west and the south; but as there is a limit to the river's overflow, even in the largest freshet, so there is a limit to our overflow.

Our statesmen, a year ago, had no intention of mingling in the affairs of other nations, and were adhering strictly to our traditional policy of non-interference, avoiding every complication, as far as statesmen can, with the affairs of the turbulent nations of the earth. But, somehow, we have gained and hold the rights of sovereignty over Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and a quasi-jurisdiction, a sort of protectorate, over Cuba.

Now, immediately arises a question of policy with regard to what other so-called civilized nations are doing. Some of them have seized India and divided it; some of them have seized Africa and apportioned it; recently they were moving upon the borders of China to take coaling stations on the coast and make railroad lines from place to place. Italy was much disturbed because China had shown suavity toward England and toward Russia, and been very respectful toward Japan, but winced and became impolite when Italy herself came in to demand a corresponding advantage; but at last, with as comfortable conformance as it was possible for her to make, China has swallowed the hook of Italy and politely bends to the line.

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Like that unseen and unknown hand which indicates the price of stocks and the market value of every product every day, some power with a universal touch publishes a paragraph to the effect that the Chinese Empire is to be seized and divided up by the civilized nations, and that the United States, the bona-fide American Nation, forming part of the world's active forces, is to-day expected to bear a hand in the new seizure, the new conflict, and the grand apportionment of China. Really, our interference in the affairs of other nations has struck the very foothills of the mountains, and it has reached a barrier beyond which it will not and can not go in the colonizing processes of other civilized nations of the earth.

It will require some new avalanches, earthquakes and glacial action which works slowly to open up barriers and permit any further overflow. We must stop further expansion and see if we are equal to the task, if we are able to carry the mighty responsibilities that Providence, in the struggle of war, has already put upon us as a people.

Good men in general do not like the attitude of our country, at present, toward the Filipinos. They would rather see what was called General Grant's Peace Policy toward the Indians followed as far as is practicable toward those badly ruled, uneducated and much-deceived people. Grant's policy toward the Indians was openly declared. He affected, through his agents, the Indians themselves in such a way that the tribes, between whom war had been fostered to keep them down, made peace one with another. Grant's friends worked on the principle that peace begets peace. The good influence was extended from band to band and nation to nation till all had been brought in but one tribe. Then his Administration made an extraordinary effort to offer the olive branch of peace to that one tribe.

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After making extraordinary effort and at imminent peril to the life of his agents, Grant finally succeeded in securing a solid peace with that last tribe—a peace that was years afterward disturbed by subsequent Administrations, by their violating every measure and every promise that had been made. At last, it took very large expenditures of money and of life to conquer by arms that one tribe. It was finally accomplished, but when the Nation had triumphed over this last rebellious band of fighting braves there remained but few of the Indians that were thus restored to the fellowship and peace of other tribes.

We speak of this simply as an illustration. We do hope that every effort will be made to communicate with the Filipinos of Luzon and make peace with them at the earliest practicable moment. As soon as our commander is strong enough not to be suspected of weakness, then is the best time to show the greatest magnanimity and to make the most earnest effort for a mutual understanding.

Whatever rough men may say in accordance with the Satanic statement that "there is no good Indian but a dead one," let it be constantly averred that every human life is important, and every human soul of value beyond price.

—O. O. HOWARD,
Major-General United States Army (Retired).

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The Folly of False Contentment

CONTENTMENT is either a virtue or a vice, according to circumstances. It is a virtue when it means acquiescence in doing without what we cannot get, or what we can get only by sacrificing better things than our comfort. But it is a vice when it means living in a poor, mean way when we could do otherwise. The "poor whites" of the South practiced a false contentment because slavery created an opinion that work was unfit for white men. So they pared down the cost of existence to the utmost. They fared poorly, lived in mean houses and wore coarse clothing.

I once spent a week in the house of a Western farmer, a man of many fine qualities. He owned timber enough to build a town, yet lived in a house of two rooms and a lean-to kitchen, built of rough logs and packed with clay. He and his fellow-members of the School Board hired the teacher who offered to come for the lowest salary, although he was utterly incompetent. If the State had not compelled them to hire somebody they would have made the business still cheaper.

Civilization, considered on its material side, comes not of men limiting their wants, but of their developing them and finding ways of satisfying them. It is the pressure of felt wants which lifts men out of the simplicity of barbarism into habits of industrial association, and into the more intelligent employments, which develop the mind. Franklin tells of a gentleman of Philadelphia who was rebuked by a resident of Cape May for putting notions of luxury into the heads of the girls of that neighborhood. He had sent the daughter of an acquaintance a stylish headdress, which at once awakened a desire for the like in her girl friends. But in order to pay for these they had been led to spend their idle time in gathering berries for the Philadelphia market, and were thus made more industrious and more useful than they would have been.

It is a benefit to spread a discontent with ugliness in dress, house and furniture. The peddler and the storekeeper are missionaries of civilization, and through their labor we have reached the point at which the poorest are no longer content with what once satisfied the most opulent. But much remains to be done. Large sections of the American people are still very poor consumers and make small demands upon the industries of the country. We need to raise the standard of living for such people by diffusing a just discontent with the paltry ways they have of living. They need not be less men, but more, for learning to want and to enjoy more than they do. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

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The Revelations of Reserve Power

EVERY individual is a marvel of unknown and unrealized possibilities. Nine-tenths of an iceberg is always below water. Nine-tenths of the possibilities of good and evil of the individual is ever hidden from his sight.

Burns' prayer,—that we might "see oursels as ithers see us,"—was weak. The answer could minister only to man's vanity,—it would show him only what others think him to be, not what he is. We should pray to see ourselves as we *are*. But no man could face the radiant revelation of the latent powers and forces within him, underlying the weak, narrow life he is living. He would fall blinded and prostrate as did Moses before the burning bush. Man is not a mechanical music-box wound up by the Creator and set to play a fixed number of prescribed tunes. He is a human harp, with infinite possibilities of unawakened music.

The untold revelations of Nature are in her Reserve Power. Reserve Power is Nature's method of meeting emergencies. Nature is wise and economic. Nature saves energy and effort, and gives only what is absolutely necessary for life and development under any given condition, and when new needs arise Nature always meets them by her Reserve Power.

In animal life Nature reveals this in a million phases. Animals placed in the darkness of the Mammoth Cave gradually have the sense of sight weakened and the senses of smell, touch and hearing intensified. Nature watches over all animals, making their color harmonize with the general tone of their surroundings to protect them from their enemies. Those arctic animals which in the summer inhabit regions free from snow, turn white when winter comes. In the desert, the lion, the camel and all the desert antelopes have more or less the color of the sand and rocks among which they live. In tropical forests parrots are usually green; turacous, barbets and bee-eaters have a preponderance of green in their plumage. The colors change as the habits of the animals change from generation to generation. Nature, by her Reserve Power, always meets the new needs of animals with new strength,—new harmony with new conditions.

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About forty-five years ago three pairs of enterprising rabbits were introduced into Australia. To-day, the increase of these six immigrants may be counted by millions. They became a pest to the country. Fortunes have been spent to exterminate them. Wire fences many feet high and thousands of miles long have been built to keep out the invaders. The rabbits had to fight awful odds to live, but they have now outwitted man. They have developed a new nail,—a long nail by which they can retain their hold on the fence while climbing. With this same nail they can burrow six or eight inches under the netting, and thus enter the fields that mean food and life to them. They are now laughing at man. Reserve Power has vitalized for these rabbits latent possibilities because they did not tamely accept their condition, but in their struggle to live learned *how* to live.

In plant life, Nature is constantly revealing Reserve Power. The possibilities of almost infinite color are present in *every* green plant, even in roots and stems. Proper conditions only are needed to reveal them. By obeying Nature's laws man could make leaves as beautifully colored as flowers. The *wild* rose has only a single corolla; but, when cultivated in rich soil, the numerous yellow stamens change into the brilliant red leaves of the full-grown cabbage-rose. This is but one of Nature's miracles of Reserve Power. Once the banana was a tropical lily; the peach was at one time a bitter almond. To tell the full story of Reserve Power in Nature would mean to write the history of the universe, in a thousand volumes.

Nature is a great believer in "double engines." Man is equipped with nearly every organ in duplicate—eyes, ears, lungs, arms and legs, so that if one be weakened, its mate, through Reserve Power, is stimulated to do enough for both. Even where the organ itself is not duplicated, as in the nose, there is a division of parts so there is constant reserve. Nature, for still further protection, has for every part of the body an understudy in training, to be ready in a crisis,—as the sense of touch for the blind.

Birds when frightened ruffle their feathers; a dog that has been in the water shakes its coat so that each hair stands out of itself; the startled hedgehog projects every quill. These actions are produced by "skin muscles" that are rudimentary in man, and over which in ordinary conditions he has no control. But in a moment of terrible fear Reserve Power quickens their action in a second, and the hair on his head "stands on end" in the intensity of his fright.

Nature, that thus watches so tenderly over the physical needs of man, is equally provident in storing for him a mental and a moral Reserve Power. Man may fail in a dozen different lines of activity and then succeed brilliantly in a phase wherein he was unconscious of any ability. We must never rest content with what we *are*, and say: "There is no use for me to try. I can never be great. I am not even clever now." But the law of Reserve Power stands by us as a fairy god-mother and says: "There is one charm by which you can transmute the dull dross of your present condition into the pure gold of strength and power,—that charm is ever doing your best, ever daring more, and the full measure of your final attainment can never be told in advance. Rely upon me to help you with new revelations of strength in new emergencies. Never be cast down because your power seems so trifling, your progress so slow. The world's greatest and best men were failures in some line, failures many times before failure was crowned with success."

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There is in the mythology of the Norsemen a belief that the strength of an enemy we kill enters into us. This is true in character. As we conquer a passion, a thought, a feeling, a desire; as we rise superior to some impulse, the strength of that victory, trifling though it may be, is stored by Nature as a Reserve Power to come to us in the hour of our need.

Were we to place before almost any individual the full chart of his future,—his trials, sorrows, failures, afflictions, loss, sickness and loneliness,—and ask him if he could bear it, he would say: "No! I could not bear all that and live." But he *can* and he *does*. The hopes upon the realization of which he has staked all his future turn to air as he nears them; friends whom he has trusted betray him; the world grows cold to him; the child whose smile is the light of his life dishonors his name; death takes from him the wife of his heart. Reserve Power has been watching over him and ever giving him new strength,—even while he sleeps.

If we be conscious of any weakness, and desire to conquer it, we can force ourselves into positions where we *must* act in a way to strengthen ourselves through that weakness, cut off our retreat, burn our bridges behind us, and fight like Spartans till the victory is ours.

Reserve Power is like the manna given to the children of Israel in the wilderness,—only enough was given them to keep them for one day. Each successive day had its new supply of strength. There is in the leaning tower of Pisa a spiral stairway so steep in its ascent that only one step at a time is revealed to us. But as each step is taken the next is made visible, and thus, step by step, to the very highest. So in the Divine economy of the universe, Reserve Power is a gradual and constant revelation of strength within us to meet each new need. And no matter what be our line of life, what our need, we should feel that we have within us infinite, untried strength and possibility, and that, if we believe and do our best, the Angel of Reserve Power will walk by our side, and will roll away the seemingly insurmountable stones from our path. —WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN.

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Failures That are Greater Than Success

"THERE'S Kipling: how enviable his popularity! There's Hobson, Dewey, McKinley, Bryan: What can I do to become as much talked about as they? Or, How can I be as rich as Mr. Armour or Mr. Morgan?" Thus secretly, and sometimes audibly, meditates the youth. But a little sound sense shows it in a new light.

Why should you excel others? Why should you not be hanged? Have you any mortgage on prosperity? You have no "rights" whatever in the case. You were certainly born for a purpose, for "every man's life is a plan of God," but why should you assume that that plan is for you to get upon the top rung? Common, every-day folk are just as necessary as are the cream-tinted and monogramed.

Fame and wealth simply mean to be "called great." Whoever strives for such prizes has in himself a seed of weakness. The scramble for them is a gambling game. There are no sure laws that govern them. They are tossed about to this man and that by the blind goddesses, Fad and Fortune. But to be great, actually, in the sight of God and of your own heart, is quite another thing, which any one can attain unto if he will pay the price. This you may gain by mastering yourself, by keeping soul and body clean, by living for others and not for self, and by doing your present work well. And if, having thus become in truth a great man, the fickle fates should throw to you the golden apple of popularity, of high office or of vast fortune, you will feel less the sense of intoxication over your good luck than you will feel the weight of the responsibility thrust upon you.

Did you never reflect that the man who climbs to the top only does so by displacing some one else? All men cannot be superior or richest or most famous, any more than all buildings in a city can be the highest. So long, therefore, as your aim is to outdo others it will be meretricious. It is this motive that embitters human life. Society should not be under the brute law of competition, each one of us striving to displace another; but it should be under the Divine law of coöperation, each endeavoring to do his part the best he can, thus ennobling self and blessing the world.

Open your history and see whether you would be among the successes or failures of earth's story. Cain was the first conqueror. Others who "climbed" were Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, Alexander and Napoleon, Midas and Lucky Baldwin, Cortez, Herod and Caiaphas, and Madam Blavatsky. And then there are those who "failed," yet were indeed great: begging Homer, exiled Dante, accursed Savonarola, pauper Palissy, murdered Regulus, leprous Damien. And the greatest worldly failure of all was He who was crowned with mocking thorns, condemned to death and crucified with common thieves; yet who, at the nadir of His shame and defeat, said, in calm triumph, to His disciples: "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." —FRANK CRANE.

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Jordan's article in a recent issue, on Syndicating Our Sorrows, is undoubtedly an admirable one, but his idea of syndicating seems to be rather broad. The constant relating and discussing of our miseries is certainly to be condemned, but can we not derive profit from a sensible review of some great trouble confronting our friend or ourselves?

We study history—a record of the troubles of a nation, their causes, the actions taken by the nation and their results, and we all acknowledge its great utility. Why should not a similar study of our individual troubles lead our friends and ourselves to more decided action and fewer mistakes?

Elmira, Ontario, Canada. J. E. UMBACH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I fully agree with Mr. Jordan's stand regarding the syndicating of our sorrows, but is there not danger that one may keep his sorrows so closely wrapped up in his own mind that he will warp himself, will cloud his view of humanity?

All have doubtless felt the great relief of sharing their burden of trials and griefs. But will we really help our friends by swallowing our sorrows in silence? Ordinarily, others are not troubled with our tales of woe, and it gives us relief in the mere telling. People politely listen and then turn aside and forget us, so what harm can a little unburdening of trouble do?

Will not the bearing of one's sorrows alone engender that very self-sympathy which Mr. Jordan decries? W. H. S.

Fall River, Massachusetts.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Mr. Jordan's recent editorial on Syndicating Our Sorrows was excellent and deserves wide publicity. Why don't more of our clergymen handle great questions in a popular way?

The thought occurred to me that while we should avoid syndicating our sorrows, it is our duty to syndicate our joys. Should we not tell others of our joys, share our pleasures and spread sunshine? A. C. C.

Trenton, New Jersey.

[A strong life can never be satisfied with mere negation, with mere refraining from doing evil. This is but the preparation for real living, not the real life itself; it is cutting out the weeds of evil so that the flowers of nobility and truth may grow. We should stop syndicating our sorrows so that we may begin to syndicate our joys.

The Ten Commandments are all *negations;* they are prohibitions. A man might keep every one of them, yet lead a weak, colorless, useless life. The Beatitudes all glorify *positive* conditions, positive acts. Let us use the Ten Commandments as the *foundation* of our character, and model the edifice itself on The Beatitudes.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In replying to A Challenge to the Kindergarten, in your issue of April 1, it would seem that, as an introduction, words of Friedrich Froebel are most fitting:

"Education consists in leading man, as a thinking, intelligent being, growing into self-consciousness, to a pure and unsullied, conscious and free representation of the inner law of Divine Unity, and in teaching him ways and means thereto."

This is really the underlying principle of the kindergarten, and the kindergartner's aim is not foremost to fit the child for the work of the primary teacher; but to bring to him new experiences in this wonderful thing, Life—and also to give him foreshadowings of the universal experiences of the future.

It would seem that Miss Marion Hamilton Carter has been unfortunate in her acquaintance with the kindergarten child, and it would be just to consider that the child who is unsatisfactory to her may have been equally trying to the kindergartner.

The child of the kindergarten "does not expect his teacher to simulate a volcano with cotton and alcohol, nor a geyser with an old rubber ball (it is quite possible he has not heard of either of them). And in learning his letters he would not need "the stimulus of a story attached to every one," were he taught so in this generation. Possibly he does make the mistake of following his own inspiration with his first primary modeling (previously he has often been given the opportunity to express his own thought), but a judicious and kind word of the teacher's will usually set him right. And truly, even in his offense he has but used this God-given creative power, which Froebel would have us utilize and train wisely.

It is an established fact that the kindergarten child, as a rule, is a much happier child than the one who has been without the training; and is usually more capable of entertaining himself and others in a wholesome way. Froebel says: "The plays of childhood are the germinal leaves of all later life; for the whole man is developed and shown in these, in his tenderest dispositions, in his innermost tendencies." In much of his play, as well as with the gift and occupation work, the child is constantly learning of the laws of life (though all unconsciously), particularly of social life and the art of getting on with others. When imitating the ways of birds or other creatures, though he realizes it not, the child is storing up the love and tenderness to help himself and others in the life to come.

It is to be regretted that there is much of the maudlin literature of the "dear-cow" and "pearly-snow-drop" and "my-chickie's-name-is-Cuddle" order, but it is not all within the kindergarten walls. And there is much that is beautiful and true to choose from. She who would do well with little children must have not only the love for them, but the ability and will to choose wisely for them the best from the best.

Pasadena, California. ELVIRA WARNER BOOTH.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

The subject of an editorial entitled Education's Contempt for the Essentials certainly deserves a great deal of consideration, and it is a pity that more is not given to it.

The majority of parents seem to overlook the principal object of education, and if their children bring home diplomas or reports showing high standings in the classes in Greek or Ancient History, they may say unrebuked, "We haven't got none," or "There's two or three things." I recently heard a young man who was graduated from a college in this city say, "I heard you was going to employ," etc. He probably knows all about the history of Ancient Rome, and can doubtless conjugate Latin verbs with the greatest ease; but of what profit are these things to him in every-day converse when the first impression he gives to an observing person hearing him speak is that of an ignoramus? HELEN ORFORD.

Schenectady, New York.

[So long as "education" has its present aims and methods, seeking to make the individual an encyclopedia, so long will education be a failure. It is not the fault of the individual; it is a fundamental weakness in educational method. Our school and college courses require pruning, heroic simplifying, and the elimination of useless studies taught in wrong ways. It seems a bitter sarcasm of our nineteenth century civilization that our educational hothousing is in absolute defiance of psychologic discovery, and is a monumental failure of which we have the foolhardiness to boast.]

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Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In your paper of April 8 I was very much interested in the short articles in regard to whether a man would live his life the same if he could live it over. It would be impossible for a man to live his life over the same unless the world turned back and the surroundings and the circumstances were the same. If Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States in 1899 instead of 1862 would he issue his Emancipation Proclamation?

If Christopher Columbus could live his life over could he live it the same in 1890 as in 1490? For free agents we are wonderfully ruled by circumstances. We are free to go to dinner (if not prevented by circumstances) and free to eat of what we please *of what is provided.* WILL LEIGH.

Lahaska, Pennsylvania.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

It is interesting to read so much in your paper of Territorial and Army expansion. The war with Spain was clearly a carpet-bagger's war supplemented by military ambition. By the most authentic history of the world, militarism has been a menace to liberty. Peace is destructive to Kingdoms, brass buttons, military gods and strutting tom turkeys that live out of the public crib. To make a soldier is to unmake a man; he fights the battles of political intrigue that keeps himself and the mass of people in bondage; he is a machine that does the bidding of officers that he fears more than he does the enemy.

The mercenary soldier is the corner-stone to militarism. More schoolhouses and less forts is the best protection for a Republic, if combined with a mind-your-own-business policy. Our white elephants of the Pacific Ocean, that wear breech-cloths, had better be disposed of. R. J. MERSHON.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

In a recent article on Beginning a Business Career, I read that every youth should choose a profession or trade according to his inclination. Now, for instance, I wish to study law. Of course your advice would be to go ahead and study it. But there is a stone in the path. In order to succeed as a lawyer one must be a good speaker in public, while I never spoke at school or before any audience whatever; my friends claim I could not succeed on account of that deficiency. Now, how would you advise me in such a case—to go ahead and study law or to take up another profession? M. H. R.

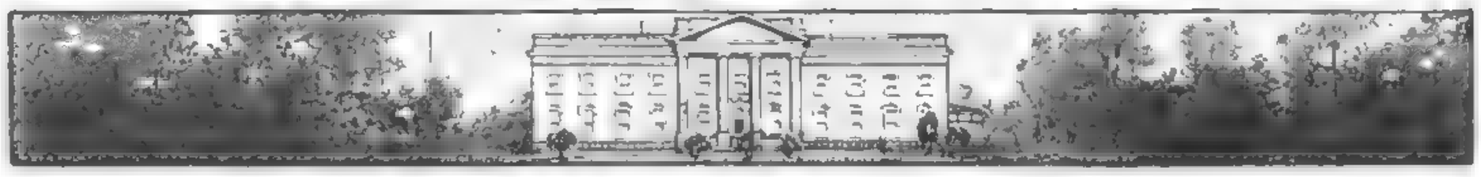
New York.

[The choice of a profession should be determined not merely by inclination, but also by the question of special fitness. If you are otherwise qualified, your inability to speak well in public need not interfere with your success. Some of the most successful lawyers do not speak in court. Searching real estate titles, advising clients, drawing up legal contracts, preparing wills, mortgages, etc., and handling the work of corporations, syndicates and bankrupt firms—these do not require eloquence. The preparation of "briefs" is often the most important part of a lawyer's practice; this is pure office work.

It is impossible to give individual advice without knowing individual conditions, without being informed of the special weakness and the strength of your mind. Charles F. Wingate's book, What Shall Our Boys Do for a Living? should help you.]

NOTE—Under this heading will be given, weekly, short letters from contributors on topics suggested by the editorial page. Writers will kindly keep their letters for this column within the limit of one hundred and fifty words.

AT THE AMERICAN COURT



Years ago, in her Society in London, Madam Adam said of Sir Julian Pauncefote:

"He is a first-rate man of business; he is not so completely in the diplomatic current, so saturated with the traditions of the Foreign Office as Mr. Lister, who is a connection of the late Lord Clarendon and a member of the diplomatic family. Sir Julian Pauncefote is even, from the Foreign Office point of view, a parvenu. He is in the office, but not of it. He knows its routine, but he has not felt the contagious force of its genius. He is a capital official, but an official who, as his colleagues think—though they are the last men in the world to hint so much in words—lacks the inspiration of his department."

Surely a man was never more misjudged by a clever and discriminating woman. The last thing to be said of the English Ambassador is that he lacks the inspiration of his department. This, to be sure, was written of him when he was Under Secretary in the Foreign Office, but it was his service there, his loyalty and fidelity, his subtle understanding of things and sympathy with his superiors that won for him his present exalted post. This position he has held with such satisfaction to the home Government, that though he has already reached the age of retirement his going has again and again been postponed, and now, although his successor, Sir Henry Sanderson, has been named, he is ordered to remain another year.

The English Ambassador is distinguished in appearance, his manners are polished and elegant, and he is in every way worthy of his place as Dean of the Diplomatic Corps. His family have the qualities that commend them to their American cousins; are frank, honest, free from affectation and richly deserve the popularity they enjoy. The English Embassy, whether in Peking or Paris, is invariably known as "The Embassy." It is "The Embassy" in Washington, leading in all things, invariably accorded precedence, enjoying an enviable prestige, and a gathering place for all the social clans, who over Lady Pauncefote's tea and plum cake discuss bits of current gossip of a Friday afternoon.

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One of the most interesting characters in Washington is a venerable maiden lady, sister of a former Senator from Virginia, a man who has been prominent in national history. She lives at one of the church homes in the capital city, but spends most of her time visiting among old friends of her family. She dresses in peculiar style, and wears the hoopskirts that were in vogue during war times. In fact, those who know of her circumstances say that she has not added to her wardrobe since the beginning of the Civil War, when her income was cut off and she was made an object of charity.

She is proud, independent and dignified, and will accept no financial assistance. She talks of her estates and her bankers and her investments, but the poor woman has had no money in her pocket for years. Wherever she goes she carries a little basket, which contains all of her portable property except her garments—three or four silver spoons, a fork, a knife, a silver cup, a watch, some antique jewelry and toilet articles, and she never allows them out of her sight for fear they will be stolen.

She holds the Government of the United States responsible for all of her misfortunes, and General Grant is the particular object of her hatred. If it had not been for him, she thinks, the South would have been victorious during the Civil War, and her fortune might have been saved.

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People are wondering what Senator Frye and Senator Gorman are going to do now that their intimacy has been broken off by the refusal of the Maryland Legislature to send the latter gentleman back to the Senate.

Although no two men in the United States Senate have been further apart in their political views and associations, none have been more intimate in their personal relations.

Senator Frye is a teetotaler so far as wines and liquors are concerned, but is an inveterate smoker. Senator Gorman never uses tobacco, but is fond of a toddy. Therefore when somebody presents him with a box of cigars he always sends it over to Mr. Frye, and when Mr. Frye receives a case of wine or a bottle of whisky from some friend who does not know his habits he sends it to Mr. Gorman. Both are strict Presbyterians, and occupy adjoining pews in the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington. They live only a block apart, and usually walk home from service together.

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The Duke of Arcos will be very decidedly *persona grata* at Washington as Spain's Minister Plenipotentiary.

Washington remembers him twenty years or more ago, when he was only a young sprig of a diplomat. He was at that time known as Jack Brunetti, an Under-Secretary of the Spanish Legation, and poor as only a young Under-Secretary can be.

He was tall and thin, and the length of his face was much accentuated by a sharply pointed beard. He was to be seen at every social function given by the fashionable world in Washington, always with a monocle screwed into one eye and always in company with Louis Polo, also an Under-Secretary of the Spanish Legation at that time. It is a curious fact that Louis Polo was the last Minister from Spain before our declaration of war, and that Jack Brunetti will be the first Minister after our proclamation of peace.

Count Brunetti was the hero of a very pretty romance in those old days. He fell in love with Miss Virginia Lowry, a tall, dark-eyed, graceful girl, prominent in society and belonging to one of the oldest families in the District of Columbia, but alas! Brunetti was poor, and when he asked for Miss Lowry's hand he was denied not only the hand, but entrance to the Lowry home. Shortly after he was recalled by his Government, and he left America for a new post. As the years slipped away Miss Lowry withdrew more and more from society, and it was whispered about that she refused other offers of marriage, even one from the hero of Manila, and all because of the memory of Jack Brunetti.

But the romance was not destined to end thus. Nearly twenty years after, and only about three years ago, Count Brunetti succeeded to the title and estates of his uncle, the Duke of Arcos. The wealth of these estates is due mainly to a certain industry which the Duke of Arcos pursued. He raised the most wonderful hogs, which are said to be fed almost entirely upon vipers, and the hams cured from these viper-fed hogs acquire a flavor which excels all other hams the world over.

This industry came down with the title and the estates to Jack Brunetti, and no sooner had he come indisputedly into possession of his riches than he crossed the ocean and laid his title and possessions at Miss Lowry's feet. This time the Lowry family did not reject him, and the wedding took place about three years ago.

So the Duke of Arcos, with his American wife, will find a welcome in Washington, and the town is wondering if they will select her beautiful old home in which to establish the Spanish Legation. It is hoped so, for the rounding out of the romance.

Speaker Reed declares that he cannot dictate. He is able, of course, to indicate to his secretary the replies he desires to make to his correspondents, but in the preparation of magazine articles, contributions to the press or public speeches he is compelled to use his pen, because he cannot otherwise concentrate his thoughts and frame the expressions he desires to use.

Mr. Reed is an accomplished extemporaneous speaker, but he depends entirely upon the inspiration of his audience, and says he has never been able to get up steam enough to be eloquent to his stenographer

President Cleveland had the same trouble; so did President Grant. Neither of them ever dictated anything but short business letters. All of their messages to Congress were written with their own pens, and both of them wrote small, feminine hands.

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COLLEGE or UNIVERSITY?

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE COUNTRY COLLEGE

By NATHANIEL BUTLER, President of Colby College

TWO quite distinct types of institutions in America invite the prospective collegian on the completion of his preparatory studies. One of these types is represented by such schools as Colby, Bowdoin, Dartmouth, Amherst, Williams, Hamilton, Colgate, Bucknell, Beloit; the other by such as Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania and Chicago. Columbia and Hopkins are hardly to be mentioned here, because, save for those who are resident in New York or Baltimore, these institutions do not greatly attract undergraduates. Between the two types exemplified above, choice will, of course, often be determined by such considerations as geographical proximity, family tradition or denominational preference.

To a vast number of intending college men and women the question presents itself quite in the abstract: "Shall I select the smaller local college or the greater university for my college home? Which will afford in largest measure the help and the opportunities needed by me as an undergraduate?" That institutions of either class offer advantages not afforded by those of the other is no doubt true. It is the purpose of this article to describe some of the advantages of the local college—the "country college."

In the first place, it is to be borne in mind that the primary and conscious aim of the college is entirely distinct from that of the university proper. Briefly, the function of the college is the development of manhood; that of the university is the enlargement of the boundaries of knowledge. More particularly, the university, in ideal—an ideal rapidly being realized in this country—is a collection of advanced specialized professional and technical schools into which men and women are to be received after they have completed their general college courses, and have decided upon the choice of some definite line of investigation or training leading directly to expertness in their chosen lifework.

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The university thus presupposes the college. It assumes that the student has at last determined what he will be and do, and that after the broad, all-round discipline of the college he comes to the university to seek the narrower and more special knowledge and training demanded by his vocation, whether that vocation lead him to original investigation or to the practice of some science, art or profession. The highly finished product of the college is thus the raw material of the university. And that raw material is supposed to be a well-rounded, self-realized, educated man.

The university deals with men who are supposed to know what they want, and to have enthusiasm for the work, and to need the minimum of discipline, urging or personal counsel. Upon this principle the university proceeds. It gathers into its faculties experts and investigators rather than advisers and "teachers." It is the least paternal of schools. It says to its students, "Here are our lectures, our laboratories, our libraries. Choose what you want, use them as you will, or let them alone; it is your own affair."

On the other hand, the direct aim of the college is education, in distinction from technical, professional, or in any way specialized instruction and training. Upon this business it concentrates itself. It seeks to discover what is in each individual, to reveal the individual to himself, and to set his face and his feet in the right direction in relation to things intellectual and spiritual.

Its business is to make of the student not an expert, but a man, assuming that a man is the best material out of which subsequently to make an expert. The college is at least semi-paternal. It deals with men and women, it is true, but with men and women who are immature, who need and welcome counsel and direction, who seek and need personal contact with mature and sympathetic men, that concrete and ethical regard for which the small college affords the best opportunity.

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And here, out of this consideration of the contrasted aims of university and college respectively, emerges one of the advantages which the student enjoys at the small college—constant and intimate personal contact with the best men of the teaching and governing staff.

From these men the student directly receives intellectual stimulus in the class room. There also he imbibes the wisdom of the mature scholar and man. Again, student and professor meet socially, and here the boy must seek to attain the stature of the man and to deal with him on equal terms, at least in all that goes to make a gentleman. Further, the small college affords conditions especially favorable for face-to-face counsel about studies, plans for the future, personal character.

The President and heads of departments who are, presumably, the best men in the institution, are, in the small college, always accessible. Their business is not simply "teaching," but the direction of studies and the direction of character.

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The testimony of college graduates is that of what the college did for them—what has proved of lasting value is not chiefly the discipline of studies and courses, but the personal stimulus and inspiration of contact with instructors who were men of admirable personality. In this, college life is unique. Arnold, Wayland, Anderson, Fairchild, are living forces in the world to-day because, being what they were, they were also college Presidents, not university organizers and administrators.

Garfield's familiar remark as to the educational advantages afforded by a log, with Mark Hopkins at one end and a student at the other, could apply only to college conditions, never to a modern university. The universities cannot do all this personal work. They do not undertake to do it, save under compulsion. They do not greatly desire students of academic grade. They maintain their undergraduate departments chiefly of necessity. They have other work in hand—work that presupposes the more strictly personal work of the college to have been done.

NATHANIEL BUTLER

Chicago, Hopkins, Columbia and Harvard would, no doubt, gladly accept relief from the necessity of dealing with students of freshman and sophomore grade. Of necessity, therefore, in the undergraduate department of the university the student is in a much greater degree than in the college handed over to docents, tutors and assistants, young men fresh from their own graduate studies. These men are often masters of their subjects. Not seldom they are excellent teachers. But they are without that fund of experience and maturity from which alone can be drawn what, after all, the undergraduate most needs and in after life most prizes.

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The college devoted wholly to undergraduates is, from this point of view, the best place for boys and girls of college grade.

The location of the country college is in itself a distinct advantage for undergraduates. The universities will, no doubt, always be few, and situated in or very near the great metropolitan centres—Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago. Universities must touch the world The law student must be near the courts; the ministerial student demands the pulpits; the medical student the hospitals; the investigator the libraries and museums; and in like manner there must be at hand the architecture, the engineering, the concert, the lecture, the assembly. These are, in fact, parts of the university itself.

The great city is literally a collection of laboratories for the special student. But the undergraduate cannot yet make the fullest use of all these, while, on the contrary, the small town, the seat of the country college, affords conditions especially favorable for the accomplishment of the personal work to which the college should devote itself, and at the same time it is free from those peculiar distractions and temptations with which the great city abounds, and to which the ordinary undergraduate cannot be exposed without intellectual and moral peril.

In addition to these, which may roughly be termed pedagogic advantages, the small college presents an economic advantage that will be likely to be effective in preventing the universities from centralizing undergraduate study. It is not that the student may live less expensively in the country college. This is not invariably the case, although the annual expenses of men in the metropolitan institutions are usually greater than those of students in the rural colleges. But the opportunities of earning money in a large city are greater than in the moderate-sized towns.

The special economic consideration in favor of the country college is that for most young men and women it is near home. This fact obviously reduces, in more ways than one, the expense of residence at college. While, therefore, the universities are likely to be few, there is great economic advantage in having many excellent colleges scattered over the country, at the door of the people, each, like an electric light, illuminating its own definite region. If local colleges did not already exist at not very widely separated and easily accessible points it would be one of the first duties of the universities to establish them. Indeed, in England this is one great objective aim of the university extension movement, emanating from Cambridge and Oxford. Pedagogics and economics alike emphasize the local college, and point to its doors the boys and girls with homes in the region that the college naturally commands.

For the accomplishment of the special ends which the college has in view—namely, the development of individuality and personal power—the small college offers another peculiar advantage in the student's relation to his fellows. As numbers diminish, individual responsibility increases. Few things are of more importance for an American boy than that he should early come to feel a degree of personal responsibility for the organic and social life about him. It is a great injury to a boy and to public interests that he should grow up content to be "one of the mass," to have his thinking done for him, and to take no part and feel no obligation in relation to what affects the common welfare. In the small college the individual counts for the utmost. His influence is at its maximum. Others find him out, he finds himself out, and he finds his own place. In the organizations of the college he finds the freest scope for whatever talent he has for leadership, counsel or helpful cooperation. The college is thus again a gymnasium for the development of individual manhood. In this it accomplishes a large part of its educational work. And the influence exerted in the graduate schools of the great universities by men who go thither from the rural colleges affords ample confirmation of this claim.

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An undergraduate in one of the smaller New England colleges bears this testimony:

> "I know a young fellow of good endowments and natural abilities who has been in one of the great colleges during the same time I have been in ——. I have at times told him of the various activities of college life that I had enjoyed, of the fraternity, the friends, the contests in athletic and literary lines that we all went into, heart and body.
>
> "He admitted that with him there was practically nothing to vary the dull round of his class-room work, and ventured to say that he would gladly leave —— and come to ——, as I suggested, if [illegible] fact that his home was near the University."

In passing, it is to be remarked that, in relation to this choice between the college proper and the university for residence during the strictly college period the State "universities" occupy a peculiar middle ground. They present university features in that they are collections of more or less clearly differentiated and well-equipped technical and professional schools. They do not yet, however, entirely realize the university idea, in that these schools are open to undergraduates.

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The students in these schools are college students. The Universities of Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota and Iowa are the best examples of this type of institutions. While they seem to be moving rapidly toward the realization of the idea of the university—a collection of specialized graduate schools—at present they present rather the advantages that have been here claimed for the college.

Attention should be called to the illusion—possibly it is a delusion—that the name of the institution granting the diploma is of great practical value to the student. The facts seem to show that this is almost an utter fallacy. The world takes a man at his intrinsic worth. A man seldom is asked for his diploma as a recommendation to position. This is true of a man who holds a bachelor's degree. The case is somewhat different when it comes to the consideration of the doctor's or master's degree. The Ph.D. of Harvard, Columbia, Hopkins, Pennsylvania or Chicago doubtless has a value to its possessor above that possessed by the same degree conferred by many other institutions. And it is as a university student that the graduate of the smaller colleges is to gain whatever of advantage the name of the great institution can give him. Residence at the local college, therefore, does not exclude him from this advantage—it rather leads directly to it.

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And this brings us, finally, to the relation that exists between the college and the university. The local college, the "country college," is now seen to be not an isolated and unrelated institution, but an indispensable member of a vast system.

Its business, to fit men and women directly for the activities of life, is not superseded; but its special function is to fit them for the university. More and more imperatively the world demands in every activity the special training that the university gives. More and more the university demands as the indispensable prerequisites for that special training the broad and deep foundation which the college alone can lay. The college is to evoke the actual man from the possible man. The university is to equip him for his chosen work.

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Guns That Cost More Than Colleges

THE enormous wealth devoted to higher education in America has become the wonder and the envy of learned Europe. Now that we are becoming a great armed power, a few comparisons between costs of armaments and education may be interesting.

There are four hundred and thirteen universities and colleges in the United States. The richest of these is Girard College, whose endowments of $15,000,000 would pay for building and equipping three first-class battle-ships. Four other institutions of learning—Columbia, Harvard, Cornell and the University of Chicago—are endowed with more than the value of one first-class battle-ship apiece. With extreme economy, the wealth of Columbia and Harvard might even be made to pay for two ships each.

Three other institutions are so rich that each of them could turn its endowments into a second-class battle-ship or a first-class cruiser. Nineteen more have funds equivalent to a second-class cruiser or a monitor apiece. The endowment of each of forty-two others would buy a third-class cruiser or a gunboat. In one hundred and two cases there are investments sufficient for the purchase of a torpedo boat or destroyer.

Thirty-five universities and colleges represent each the value of a ten or twelve-inch gun and carriage. There are seventy-three others whose endowments, shoveled into the furnaces of the cruiser Columbia in the form of coal, would keep her going at full speed for from six hours to seven weeks The productive funds of five of these institutions, all combined, would just pay for one Whitehead torpedo. The other one hundred and thirty-four have no endowments at all

EDITOR'S NOTE—This paper is the first in a series of two articles. The other side of the question, The Advantages of the University, will be presented by President Patton, of Princeton University, in an early number of the POST.

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Original from UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS AT URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

IN MEMORY OF MARTHA

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

YOU may talk about banjo-playing if you will, but unless you heard old Ben in his palmy days you have no idea what genius can do with five strings stretched over the sheepskin.

You have been told, perhaps, that the banjo is not an expressive instrument. Well, in the hands of the ordinary player it is not. But you should have heard old Ben, as bending low over the neck, with closed eyes, he made the shell respond like a living soul to his every mood. It sang, it laughed, it sighed; and, just as the tears began welling up into the listener's eyes, it would break out into a merry reel that would set feet a-twinkling before one knew it.

Ben and his music were the delight of the whole plantation, white and black, master and man, and in the evening when he sat before his cabin door, picking out tune after tune, hymn, ballad or breakdown, he was always sure of an audience. Sometimes it was a group of white children from the big house, with a row of pickaninnies pressing close to them. Sometimes it was old Mas' and Mis' themselves who strolled up to the old man, drawn by his strains. Often there was company, and then Ben would be asked to leave his door and play on the veranda of the big house. Later on he would come back to Martha laden with his rewards, and swelled with the praises of his powers.

And Martha would say to him, "You, Ben, don' you git conceity now; you des' keep yo' haid level. I des' mo'n 'low you been up dah playin' some o' dem ongodly chunes, lak Hoe Co'n an' Dig Tate's."

Ben would laugh and say, "Well, den, I tek de wickedness offen de banjo. Swing in, ol' 'ooman!" And he would drop into the accompaniment of one of the hymns that were the joy of Martha's religious soul, and she would sing with him until, with a flourish and a thump, he brought the music to an end.

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Next to his banjo, Ben loved Martha, and next to Ben, Martha loved the banjo. In a time and a region where frequent changes of partners were common, these two servants were noted for their single-hearted devotion to each other. He had never had any other wife, and she had called no other man husband. Their children had grown up and gone to other plantations, or to cabins of their own. So, alone, drawn closer by the habit of comradeship, they had grown old together—Ben, Martha and the banjo.

One day Martha was taken sick, and Ben came home to find her moaning with pain, but dragging about trying to get his supper. With loud pretended upbraidings he bundled her into bed, got his own supper, and then ran to his master with the news.

"Marfy she down sick, Mas' Tawm," he said, "an' I's mighty oneasy in my min' 'bout huh. Seem lak she don' look right to me outen huh eyes."

"I'll send the doctor right down, Ben," said his master. "I don't reckon it's anything very serious. I wish you would come up to the house to-night with your banjo. Mr. Lewis is going to be here with his daughter, and I want them to hear you play."

It was thoughtlessness on the master's part; that was all. He did not believe that Martha could be very ill; but he would have reconsidered his demand if he could have seen on Ben's face the look of pain which the darkness hid.

"You'll send de doctah right away, Mas'?"

"Oh, yes; I'll send him down. Don't forget to come up."

•

"I won't fu'git," said Ben as he turned away. But he did not pick up his banjo to go to the big house until the plantation doctor had come and given Martha something to ease her. Then he said: "I's got to go up to de big house, Marfy; I be back putty soon."

"Don' you hu'y thoo on my 'count. You go 'long, an' gin Mas' Tawm good measure, you hyeah?"

"Quit yo' bossin'," said Ben, a little more cheerfully; "I got you whah you cain't move, an' ef you give me any o' yo' back talk I 'low I frail you monst'ous."

Martha chuckled a "go 'long," and Ben went lingeringly out of the door, the banjo in its ragged cover under his arm.

The plantation's boasted musician played badly that night. Colonel Tom Curtis wondered what was the matter with him, and Mr. Lewis told his daughter as he drove away that it seemed as if the Colonel's famous banjoist had been overrated. But who could play reels and jigs with the proper swing when before his eyes was the picture of a smoky cabin room, and on the bed in it a sick wife, the wife of forty years?

The black man hurried back to his cabin where Martha was dozing. She awoke at his step.

"Didn't I tell you not to hu'y back hyeah?" she asked.

"I ain't nevah hu'ied. I reckon I gin 'em all de music dey wanted," Ben answered a little sheepishly. He knew that he had not exactly covered himself with glory. "How's you feelin'?" he added.

•

"'Bout de same. I got kin' of a mis'ry in my side."

"I reckon you couldn't jine in de hymn to tek de wickedness outen dis ol' banjo?" He looked anxiously at her.

"I don' know 'bout j'inin' in, but you go 'long an' play anyhow. Ef I feel lak journeyin' wid you I fin' you somewhar on de road."

The banjo began to sing, and when the hymn was half through Martha's voice, not so strong and full as usual, but trembling with a new pathos, joined in and went on to the end. Then Ben put up the banjo and went to his rest.

The next day Martha was no better, and the same the next. Her mistress came down to see her, and delegated one of the other servants to be with her through the day and to get Ben's meals. The old man himself was her close attendant in the evenings, and he waited on her with the tenderness of a woman. He varied his duties as nurse by playing to her, sometimes some lively, cheerful bit, but more often the hymns she loved but was now too weak to follow.

•

It gave him an aching pleasure at his heart to see how she hung on his music. It seemed to have become her very life. He would play for no one else now, and the little space before his door held his audience of white and black children no more. They still came, but the cabin door was inhospitably shut, and they went away whispering among themselves, "Aunt Martha's sick."

Little Liz, who was a very wise pickaninny, once added, "Yes, Aunt Marfy's sick, an' my mammy says she ain' never gwine to git up no mo'." Another child had echoed "Never!" in the hushed, awe-struck tones which children use in the presence of the great mystery.

Liz's mother was right. Ben's Martha was never to get up again. One night during a pause in his playing she whispered, "Play Ha'k! F'om de Tomb." He turned into the hymn, and her voice, quavering and weak, joined in. Ben started, for she had not tried to sing for so long. He wondered if it wasn't a token. In the midst of the hymn she stopped, but he played on to the end of the verse. Then he got up and looked at her.

Her eyes were closed, and there was a smile on her face—a smile that Ben knew was not of earth. He called her, but she did not answer. He put his hand upon her head, but she lay very still, and then he knelt and buried his head in the bedclothes, giving himself up to all the tragic violence of an old man's grief.

"Marfy! Marfy! Marfy!" he called. "What you want to leave me fu'? Marfy, wait; I ain't gwine be long."

His cries aroused the quarters, and the neighbors came flocking in. Ben was hustled out of the way, the news carried to the big house, and preparations made for the burying.

Ben took his banjo. He looked at it fondly, patted it, and, placing it in its covering, put it on the highest shelf in the cabin.

"Brothah Ben allus was a mos' p'opah an' 'sponsible so't o' man," said Liz's mother as she saw him do it. "Now, dat's what I call showin' 'spec' to Sis Marfy, puttin' his banjo up in de ve'y place whah it'll get all dus'. Brothah Ben sho is diff'ent f'om any husban' I evah had." She had just provided Liz with a third stepfather.

•

On many evenings after Martha had been laid away, the children, seeing Ben come and sit outside his cabin door, would gather around, waiting, and hoping that the banjo would be brought out, but they were always doomed to disappointment. On the high shelf the old banjo still reposed, gathering dust.

Finally one of the youngsters, bolder than the rest, spoke: "Ain't you gwine play no mo', Uncle Ben?" and received a sad shake of the head in reply, and a laconic "Nope."

"Marfy! Marfy! Marfy!" he called. "What you want to leave me fu'? Marfy, wait; I ain't gwine be long"

This remark Liz dutifully reported to her mother. "No, o' co'se not," said that wise woman with emphasis; "o' co'se Brothah Ben ain' gwine play no mo'; not right now, leas'ways; an' don' you go dah pesterin' him, nuther, Liz. You be perlite an' 'spectable to him, an' make yo' 'bejunce when you pass."

The child's wise mother had just dispensed with her latest stepfather.

The children were not the only ones who attempted to draw old Ben back to his music. Even his master had a word of protest. "I tell you, Ben, we miss your banjo," he said. "I wish you would come up and play for us sometime."

"I'd lak to, Mastah, I'd lak to; but evah time I think erbout playin' I kin des see huh up dah an' hyeah de kin' o' music she's a-listenin' to, an' I ain't got no haht fu' dat ol' banjo no mo'."

The old man looked up at his master so pitifully that the young man desisted.

"Oh, never mind," he said, "if you feel that way about it."

•

As soon as it became known that the master wanted to hear the old banjo again, every negro on the plantation was urging the old man to play in order to say that his persuasion had given the master pleasure. None, though, went to the old man's cabin with such confidence of success as did Mary, the mother of Liz.

"O' co'se, he wa'n't gwine play den," she said as she adjusted a ribbon; "he was a mo'nin'; but now—hit's diffe'nt," and she smiled back at herself in the piece of broken mirror.

She sighed very tactfully as she settled herself on old Ben's doorstep.

"I nevah come 'long hyeah," she said, "widout thinkin' bout Sis Marfy. Me an' huh was gret frien's, an' a moughty good frien' she was."

Ben shook his head affirmatively. Mary smoothed her ribbons and continued:

"I ust to of'en come an' set in my do' w'en you'd be a-playin' to huh. I was des' sayin' to myse'f de othah day how I would lak to hyeah dat ol' banjo ag'in." She paused. "'Pears lak Sis Marfy 'd be right nigh."

Ben said nothing. She leaned over until her warm brown cheek touched his knee. "Won't you play fu' me, Brothah Ben?" she asked pleadingly. "Des' to bring back de membry o' Sis Marfy?"

The old man turned two angry eyes upon her. "I don' need to play," he said, "an' I ain' gwineter. Sis Marfy's membry's hyeah," and tapping his breast he walked into his cabin, leaving Mary to take her leave as best she could.

•

It was several months after this that a number of young people came from the North to visit the young master, Robert Curtis. It was on the second evening of their stay that young Eldridge said, "Look here, Mr. Curtis, my father visited your plantation years ago, and he told me of a wonderful banjoist you had, and said if I ever came here to be sure to hear him if he was alive. Is he?"

"You mean old Ben? Yes, he's still living, but the death of his wife rather sent him daft, and he hasn't played for several years."

"Pshaw, I'm sorry. We laughed at father's enthusiasm over him, because we thought he overrated his powers."

"I reckon not. He was truly wonderful."

"Don't you think you can stir him up?"

"Oh, do, Mr. Curtis," chorused a number of voices.

"Well, I don't know," said Robert, "but come with me, and I'll try."

The young people took their way to the cabin, where old Ben occupied his accustomed place before the door.

"Uncle Ben," said Robert, "here are some friends of mine from the North who are anxious to hear you play, and I knew you'd break your rule for me."

"Chile,. honey——" began the old man.

But Robert interrupted him. "I'm not going to let you say no," and he hurried past Uncle Ben into the cabin. He came out, brushing the banjo and saying, "Whew, the dust!"

•

The old man sat dazed as the instrument was thrust into his hand. He looked pitifully into the faces about him, but they were all expectancy. Then his fingers wandered to the neck, and he tuned the old banjo. Then he began to play. He seemed inspired. His listeners stood transfixed.

From piece to piece he glided, pouring out the music in a silver stream. His old fingers seemed to have forgotten their stiffness as they flew over the familiar strings. For nearly an hour he played and then abruptly stopped. The applause was generous and real, but the old man only smiled sadly, and with a far-away look in his eyes.

As they turned away, somewhat awed by his manner, they heard him begin to play softly an old hymn. It was Hark! From the Tomb."

He stopped when but half through, and Robert returned to ask him to finish, but his head had fallen forward close against the banjo's neck, and there was a smile on his face, as if he had suddenly had a sweet memory of Martha.

•••

Riley's Jokes on Halford

J. WHITCOMB RILEY did his first literary work, in the early seventies, for the Indianapolis Journal, under an assumed name. The first pay he ever received for a poem was a suit of clothes from the late George Harding, of the Indianapolis Herald. About 1876 Riley went East and was welcomed by Holmes, Whittier and Longfellow. The New England newspapers made much of his visit, and when he returned he was a hero.

"I can remember," said an old Journal man the other day, "when Riley, with his smooth, boyish face, slender figure, clad in sacerdotal garb, used to come around the office and sit on my desk and dash off nonsense verses in that same copper-plate, microscopic handwriting that he uses to-day. 'Lige Halford, now a Major in the United States Army and President Harrison's private secretary, was the editor, and it used to be Riley's chief delight to submit some of his most meaningless jingles to Halford for the editorial page. The Major, who never had the slightest sense of humor, spent many a weary hour trying to comprehend them.

"'You'd better draw a diagram to go with this,' he would say. Then a shout of laughter from the boys would show him that there was a joke loose somewhere, and he would retire into his office to avoid it."

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The CHOICE *of a* BUSINESS
BANKING
By GEORGE G. WILLIAMS
President of The Chemical National Bank of New York

TO THE young man who contemplates entering the banking business believing it to be a quick and easy road to fortune, I would offer Punch's advice to those about to marry: "Don't."

While it is true that any youth of fair education and intelligence may enter upon the business of banking with a reasonable chance of future success, the goal of fortune at the outset of his career is just as far removed as it is in other branches of trade where goods and not money is the commodity.

The successful banker of to-day is the man who, as a youth, began at the bottom of the ladder, climbing to the top only by unceasing industry, scrupulous honesty, and a determination to do the thing in hand to the best of his ability. There is no room in the banking business for sluggards; to hold his place in the estimation of his employers the bank clerk must, first, last and always, be rigorously honest, uniformly polite to all persons, and work, work, work.

The question of politeness may seem to the young man looking toward the banking business as an occupation to be quite a superfluous, if not, indeed, a wholly trivial matter. Next to absolute integrity I deem it of utmost importance. From my earliest days in the Chemical Bank I have been impressed with the value of courtesy. From my parents I learned the lesson of politeness, and I in turn have tried to impart my feelings in this respect to all those who have come under my direction in the bank.

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Too often the man who wears a shabby coat is subjected to discourtesy, but I have observed that many a tattered garment hides a package of bonds or a big sum of money, and that gorgeous clothing does not always cover a millionaire. Many desirable customers have been driven away from a bank by the incivility of its employees. It is the invariable rule of the Chemical Bank that every employee, from the humblest clerk to the highest official, shall be courteous to every one. It is our assumption that a grain of politeness saves a ton of correction; no institution is too important or too independent to ignore the unwritten laws of courtesy.

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If I could command the speech of twenty nations I would preach politeness to them all. It is the Aladdin's lamp of success; it oils the wheels of commercial progress, and makes the burden of the day's work less irksome. I do not speak idly in praise of politeness, for out of the experience of fifty-six years in the banking business it has been borne in upon me almost daily that courtesy is one of the prime factors in the building up of every career. It is the hall-mark of the Christian gentleman and the keen man of affairs. Politeness pays.

The banking business is really in the finer sense of the term a profession, and, like every other profession, is not to be learned without a deal of study and years of patient, thoughtful application. Whether a young man can reach the professional stage of banking or not depends wholly upon his personal qualifications, the extent of his ambition and the persistency with which he devotes his talents to the work before him.

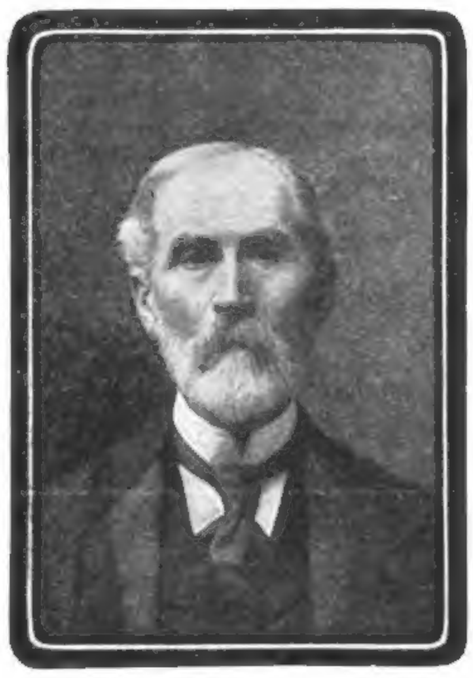
Of all the functions of a bank the handling of commercial paper is probably the most difficult to master. As a discount clerk I realized that the science of successful banking involved the study of men and human nature. Any man of intelligence can familiarize himself with the purely technical features of banking, but the notably successful banker is a man of culture, character and strong intuitive powers. Nothing indicates so clearly the intellectual and moral stamina of a man than the attitude he assumes in affairs involving large sums of money.

The foundation of every great institution lies in the character of the man or men controlling it, and not in the material things which are behind it. The man who lives beyond his income, whose habits are extravagant, who seeks to "cut a dash" disproportionate to his resources, is the man whose paper is to be handled with extreme caution.

•

Finance is so intimately related to all human affairs that the trained banker knows precisely what course to pursue to avoid calamity, just as the physician knows what to prescribe for a given ailment, the lawyer what code best covers the case of his client. It is the possession of this knowledge of matters apparently foreign to business that ranks successful banking among the professions. The young man who aspires to a high place in finance can never hope to realize his ambition, therefore, if he is content with performing merely the mechanical details intrusted to him.

Of course there must always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water" in every pursuit, and banking is no exception to the rule. The majority of young men enter their work in a bank with no thought above the daily routine to which they are assigned. To earn a fixed salary and remain in the same position all their lives is all that the average bank clerk asks or hopes for.



GEORGE G. WILLIAMS

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Such men are not to be discouraged; they are the trustworthy servitors of an institution without whom the thousand and one details of a bank could not be looked after. Indeed, in most cases such men are to be commended for their self-repression and their recognition of the fact that they can never grasp the great and complex problems of finance. It is a wise man and a useful member of the business world who can measure his ambition by his capacity.

The young man who can become an intelligent machine should receive the consideration due him from those who control the great mechanism of which he is a small but important part. I know of many men filling minor berths in the banks of the country who are brilliantly able, and whose intellectual equipment is of a very superior kind, but who are philosophically resigned to the position which yields them the means wherewith they are enabled to sustain themselves and their families in comfortable circumstances. All cannot be leaders, and the conviction that work well done, no matter how unimportant it may seem to the worker, is a sound reason for self-satisfaction.

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To sum up in a few words the essentials of success in the banking business, I would advise a young man who feels himself fitted for the work to learn economy, associate with those whose ideals of life are high and noble, to practice self-denial and observe the laws of health. He must be expert in the use of figures and as accurate as a chronometer. He should avoid evil associations in books and newspapers no less than in people. He should learn to face trouble unflinchingly. He should remember that knowledge is power, and that his ability to make money is in direct ratio with the extension of his intellectual horizon. Devoting his leisure to study, his time during the business hours of the day to the conscientious performance of his duties, living a clean, manly, honest life, no young man can fail utterly.

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BOOKS & BOOKMEN

A Triple Entanglement, by Mrs. Burton Harrison. *J. B. Lippincott Company.*

A Duet—With an Occasional Chorus, by A. Conan Doyle. *D. Appleton & Company.*

I, Thou and the Other One, by Amelia E. Barr. *Dodd, Mead & Company.*

Perhaps the most obvious thing to say about these three novels is that their chief distinction is likely to remain in the fact that their authors wrote them.

Each is a fairly readable story, but disappointing when viewed in the light of its author's more notable achievements. In any book of Mrs. Burton Harrison's one is sure to find some good company, some light and bright talk, some sympathetic description, some exciting incident, and some good-natured satire. But in this book these excellent qualities are all seen, so to speak, in diminution.

The plot is well constructed, and sufficiently tangled to relieve the title from the smallest need of apology. But one misses the pungency of The Anglomaniacs and Good Americans, the crispness and convincing note of Sweet Bells Out of Tune, the sympathy and native savor of A Son of the Old Dominion. As I have said, the book is a good enough one for leisuring folk to read; but hardly a good enough one for Mrs. Burton Harrison to write.

•

Doctor Conan Doyle's book is a pleasant piece of domesticity. It will not disturb the routine of well-regulated households. It ought to be sure of a very large circle of readers—that enormous circle which always loved to read how Mrs. Gladstone used to make up eggnogs for the support of Mr. Gladstone's great speeches. The dedication—which seems to me somewhat laboriously easy—explains that the story is a few pages from the private log of a young married couple voyaging inconspicuously through life. For such a modest matrimonial voyage these pages afford a kind of chart to the many reefs and sandbanks so likely to be met with on the way.

Lest such a description should lead the reader to expect too much, I hasten to say that the sandbanks here noted lie for the most part in tranquil waters, and the most saw-toothed reefs are padded softly for the encounter of the favored keel. Mild and safe, this amiably entertaining duet would assuredly win many good words, but for the fact that Conan Doyle wrote it. Why should we have these pleasant pages spoiled for us by thoughts of Micah Clark? Must we descend to lemon soda, however sparkling, after the red draughts of *vint romana* which we drank with The White Company?

We reject the commonplace when Conan Doyle presents it, because he has taught us to expect things better. There is good, competent workmanship in the volume. How could it be otherwise? There is humor, there is wit, there is some vivid presentation of character. There is also a large tolerant observation. But there is not, it seems to me, enough of these qualities to account for the name of Conan Doyle on the title-page. Lively as this book is, one cannot help feeling that the prime impulse which led to its innocuous production would have to be expressed in dollars and cents. Doctor Doyle has proved himself a master of his craft, and, therefore, even his pot-boiling has points of excellence which distinguish it from the work of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, it seems hardly worth his while to have written A Duet.

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Mrs. Barr's novel is associated with the two already discussed by its adaptability to the needs of the young ladies' school. There is hardly any one admitted to these pages who is not almost too good to be true. It also is lovingly and persistently domestic.

The heroine is a wonder of perfection, and we feel that a shadow on her sunny temper or a line upon her loveliness would make us more at home in her company. Toward the end of the book there is some tameness, some well-regulated prosperity to which Providence—expressly, it would seem, to point a moral—grants a speedy reward. But taken as a whole, the story is a good one, not altogether unworthy of the author of A Bow of Orange Ribbon. There is sound craftsmanship in it. There is a large, sweet, wholesomeness, racy with the Yorkshire flavor. The setting of the story is well studied. The great struggle for reform, the final passage of the Reform bill, the temper of crown, caste and people at that time are reproduced with admirable force. Yorkshire gardens breathe anew for us, in these pages, their clean perfumes of thyme and marjoram.

Several of the characters are drawn with an admirable art—notably those of Squire Atheling and Maude, his wife. The book is an honest, sweet, altogether readable story, told with a charm, at times, which makes it literature. It is not quite good enough, I think, to serve as an explanation of Mrs. Barr's success, but it need not blush when it finds itself upon the list of her works.

—*Charles G. D. Roberts.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

Cornering the Editor.—Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, tells this little joke at his own expense: "One day a young woman came into my office and submitted some poems. I told her that I would read them. When she came back I advised her not to offer them for sale. I told her that I was afraid that she could never succeed in the line of literature.

"'But I can,' she said.

"'I must differ with you,' I replied.

"'But I have had one of my poems printed in a first-class magazine, and the editor paid me ten dollars for it.'

"'Yes?' I said.

"'Yes,' she repeated.

"'And who was this editor?'

"'It was yourself.'

"And it was. I had forgotten all about it."

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Frank Bullen as a Weather Sharp.—Frank T. Bullen, the author of the Cruise of the Cachalot, lives in London, where he is employed in the Government Meteorological office. He is a slender little bearded man, modest and unassuming in manner. He is, however, quite as effective a speaker as he is a writer. He frequently makes addresses before charitable organizations, and always with the greatest success.

His Cruise of the Cachalot, which has started a new school in sea tales, is the result of his personal experience as a mate on a whaling vessel. Every incident in his thrilling narrative happened, or might have happened, to the author. Not long ago a New Bedford (Massachusetts) newspaper endeavored to learn whether the stories were truth or fiction. Interviews with scores of past and present whalers brought out that it must have been founded on fact; that it could not have been written by a man who had not been on a whaling voyage. Mr. Bullen has completed a new novel along the same lines, which promises to be even more thrilling than its predecessor.

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Versatile Mr. Henderson.—In his younger days William J. Henderson, the eminent musical critic and author, poet, composer and yachtsman, was a contributor to a popular weekly. He was the author of the Shinbone stories of 1884-5. One day he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Princeton. He marveled at this, because he had not been a popular student with the faculty.

"I think it was on account of your literary work," said a friend to him one day.

"Your poetry and serious work, yes," interposed a friend, "but not your nigger stories, Billy. Not they."

A year or two afterward Mr. Henderson had, so the story goes, a chance to speak to a member of the faculty as to the effect his early humorous stories had in securing the degree.

"It was granted in spite of them, Mr. Henderson," was the reply.

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IRISH WIT OF TO-DAY

By SEUMAS MAC MANUS

Author of "Through The Turf Smoke"

OUR countryman, Boyle Roche, was fired with the silly ambition of earning a reputation for the making of bulls, and since then generations of inane people have devoted themselves to raising up a progeny to them, and therefrom deriving a theory that the Irish are famous for their bulls.

That Irishmen, as well as other people, have been guilty of bulls I do not seek to deny; even the other day I heard one Micky Martin complaining that, as he had not been allowed his natural share of sleep recently, he was going to square matters by sleeping a whole week some day.

•

"Ye're a gentleman," I heard another of my countrymen say to one whom he admired; "I always have sayed ye wor a gentleman; an' I always will say ye're a gentleman, an' a gentleman ye are I'll say when I feel the clods hoppin' on me coffin." I did *not* hear Denis McCue (though I have heard it told of him) say, "Ach, don't bother us about the good tay ye'll get in Glasgow; I was in it, an' I got maybe as good tay as any of yez there, an' this I'll say, that the best cup of tay I ever got in Glasgow was a bowl of coffee I got wan market-day in Donegal." But to be just to the memory of poor Denis, I believe his tormentors, the Dhrimbigh boys, manufactured that one. Though I know for a fact that, on an occasion when George Griffin, of Thurishill, threatened to throw Denis out of his house for misbehavior, the latter got outside the door, divested himself of his coat, thrust back his sleeves and then extended the invitation: "Come out now, Griffin, an' throw me out!"

I say, then, I'll not deny that Irishmen have been guilty of bulls; but that we perpetrate more bulls than, say, the English or the Americans, I do emphatically deny. Many will be not a little surprised at this—all, in fact, who are addicted to accepting the traditions from which would-be jokists spin their alleged fun. To father upon us the bulls of all nations may have been a huge enough joke once, but the freshness of youth has so long since worn off it that it would be an act of kindness to humanity at large to lay the ancient joke to rest, even now, and say, "Peace to the bones of the Irish bull. Now that it lieth here forever, it shall lie no more."

•

What our people have justly been reputed for—what they possess to-day as freshly and as plentifully as they did in days of tradition—is wit—wit, keen, crisp and sparkling. It is one heritage which remained when worldly heritages passed from them. And this patrimony Ireland's sons have borne unto the nations of the earth.

"Musha," said a beggar to his benefactor, "may the Lord grant that ye'll live till yer shin-bone is fit to ridd a pipe!" The "shrunk hose" of Shakespeare is not remotely suggestive of this age. "May ye live to see yer own funeral, an' dance at yer own wake," is a grim enough prayer to pray upon the alleged gallows-bound.

Our jarveys make wit a specialty. Take them all round, and I believe they are the wittiest class in the island.

"What do those figures represent, my man?" a Scotch tourist asked of Andy Cavanagh, as the latter was driving him, in a thunder-shower, across Dublin.

Andy looked at the figures in question, namely, a group surrounding a public monument, but he knew not what they were, for Andy was but lately come to Dublin. "Them," said Andy, "represents the Twelve Apostles."

"But there's nae mair than ten there!" for with the Scotchman's craving for exactness he had counted them.

Andy Cavanagh was naturally irritated that his (a gentleman's) word should have been doubted. "Then," said he curtly, "I guess the other pair has gone in out of the shower."

•

It was a Dublin jarvey, too, who undertook to define the term lady for the edification of his brethren "I'll tell ye what is a lady, an' what is not a lady. Wensday last I dhruv to the Park an' back again to the Gresham wan of the most grandly dhressed, finest an' politest women ever sat in me cab. She axed me the fare, an' then beggin' me pardon, axed me table of fares to varify it. An' curtsheyed to me an' thanked me in the politest manner I ever experienced, an' accepted back the thruppence of change that was comin' to her. Now, *she was no lady.*

"The same evenin' I dhruv Mrs. Linnane—ye know the great dash she is, the greatest hunter an' steeplechaser in all Waterford, though money they say isn't just now as plentiful with her as it should be—I dhruv Mrs. Linnane only the len'th of O'Connell Sthreet, an' when she tossed me a five-shillin' piece, an' I sayed, 'Houl' on, Mrs. Linnane, for yer change,' she says, back over her shoulder, 'To the divil with you an' the change, ye beggar.' Now, *Mrs. Linnane was a lady.*"

Poor Charlie Kaidy was probably the wittiest of Donegal jarveys. The Bishop, stepping off the train one day, was in the act of engaging Charlie to drive him to the rectory, when Father Ned's car just drove up to receive the Bishop. The Bishop tendered apologies to Charlie.

"Och, no apologies, me Lord, no apologies, I beg of ye. If I'd only known that Father Ned had taken to postin'" (driving for hire) "I wouldn't have expected yer Lordship's patronage."

His Lordship enjoyed the joke. "But, Charlie," he said to smooth matters, "Father Ned did this only by way of courtesy—he did not think you would be offended."

"Didn't he, be me soul? Yer Lordship, if Father Ned was steppin' up on the althar to preach a sarmon, I would count meself a very mane man if I stepped up afore him an' tuk the words out of his mouth."

•

At another time Charlie had the honor of driving the Bishop to Father Ned's, and of waiting for him there for several hours to carry him farther on his journey. The Bishop had had a repast in the meantime, but in the excitement consequent on the visit of a Bishop poor Charlie was left to hunger. When the Bishop, with Father Ned's help, was mounting the car, he missed his foot.

"Take care," Charlie said from the driver's seat, "take care, me Lord; it's aisier brakin' one's neck than brakin' one's fast in this neighborhood." And he got even with Father Ned.

Charlie, who had been used to driving priests, ministers, bishops and distinguished tourists, at length fell upon evil days, and had to consent to drive a baker with his cargo of bread around the country stores. Some country wag twitted him: "Faith, Charlie Kaidy, it's a low come-down day with you that used to dhrive none but the clargy an' the highest-up swells." "In them days, sir," said Charlie in his very grimmest manner, "I was only the dhriver of bred jintlemen; now I'm a bread jintleman meself."

Our witty proverb, "A man with one eye is a King among blind men," reminds me that Martin Daly forfeited his employment for the sake of a joke upon his overseer's cross-eyes. The overseer was very, very far from popular, anyhow, and Martin's fellow-workmen so relished the rub that Martin's purse swelled comfortably within twelve hours after losing his job. "Daly!" said the martinette, "you limping scoundrel, go ahead with your work—I have an eye on you!" And Martin replied, in his most leisurely tones, "Which eye, Misther Tuttle?"

The rarest wit that my part of the country knew was, I believe, Donal a-Thoorisk, the fiddler. As they jogged back from a wedding together, Father John asked Donal how much money he had raised.

"Och, the divil a much," Donal sighed; "only two-an-twinty shillin's."

"*Only* two-and-twenty shillings!" said Father John, "and you're a fiddler. I'm a priest, and I only got sixteen shillings!"

"Well," said Donal consolingly, "that's your poor father's fault (rest his sowl!); why didn't he make a fiddler of ye?"

•

The story of the pilot is, perhaps, a manufactured one—but in that case it is of Irish manufacture. The Captain knew it was a particularly dangerous bay—and he knew little of Denis' qualifications; but he had of necessity to intrust the ship to Denis. "Arrah, man, make yer mind aisy," Denis said as he handled the helm—"make yer mind aisy; bekase there isn't a rock in the bay but I could tell ye with me eyes shut; an'"—Denis continued calmly, as the ship grated over one, "there's wan of them now."

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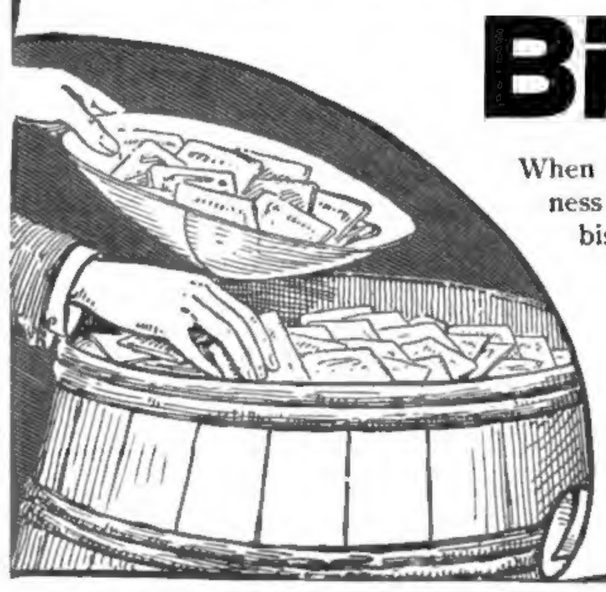

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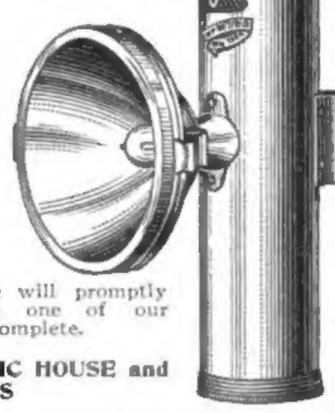

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